

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

NOVEMBER 8, 1941

WHO'S WHO

RICHARD GINDER spent seven years under the guidance of the Sulpician Fathers at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C. Ordained last year, he is at present stationed at Zelienople, near Pittsburgh, Pa. This article marks his first appearance in this Review. He has written regularly for *Columbia*, and occasionally for *The Catholic World*, *The Missionary*, etc. We take this opportunity to greet the Sulpicians on their sesquicentennial, and to laud those living and those departed on their magnificent contribution to American Catholicism. . . . BENJAMIN L. MASSE, recently appointed Managing Editor, regards the imminent C.I.O. Convention as extraordinarily important in our economic and industrial adjustment in these critical days. He will continue his comments in a second article, next week. . . . FRANCIS X. DOWNEY is editor of *Jesuit Seminary News*, New England Province. For those who do not read between the lines of his article, it may be helpful to identify the priest as Most Rev. Richard L. Cushing, Director of the Propagation of the Faith, Archdiocese of Boston, Mass. . . . VINCENT L. COTTAM is a member of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. Formerly pastor in Green Bay, Wis., he is now Chaplain at Camp Hulen, Tex. . . . GERHARD HIRSCHFELD is well known as a writer and research student in finance and economics. . . . KATHERINE BREGY, author and lecturer, contributes an enlightening essay. . . . THE BOOK LOG makes its monthly appearance on the inside back cover.

NEXT WEEK: Statements by Cardinal Dougherty, Bishop O'Hara and other dignitaries preparatory to the Philadelphia Congress of the Archconfraternity of Christian Doctrine, opening on November 15. . . . A Survey of Childrens' Books of 1941.

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COMMENT

THE SENATE debates the repeal of some portions of the Neutrality Act of 1939, and of 1937. The Administration supporters grow eloquent over the rugged American doctrine of freedom of the seas, become violently denunciatory in crushing Hitler with their tongues. The opposing Senators, knowing the vote is cast in advance in favor of the repealers, cry out against the Administration, against the assumption of the power to lead us gently into the fight, and strive to narrow the amending legislation. Meanwhile, the debate creates no great stir, the galleries are not jammed with spectators, the Senators themselves are absent in large percentages. In itself, the repeal of the Neutrality Act, in part or in whole, is ordinary legislation. In its consequences, however, it is dynamic. Senator Taft, it was, who stated that the revision of the Neutrality Act "would amount to a direct grant of authority by Congress to carry on an undeclared war against Germany, Italy and Japan." The Senate and the House slink away from the only debate that is of importance at this time: Shall the people of the United States engage in total war with Nazi Germany?

PUNDITS and minor prophets who can give you tomorrow's news today and who have an inside track on what is going on all over the world, through mysterious "sources of information," have a hard life. If sensational disclosures are not at hand every day, they must create them. An eager public is waiting to be shocked and horrified. One would think that in these days there was enough of the shocking and horrific without fashioning bogey-men of straw. But Arthur Hale, who reveals confidentially the inside of the news for the Mutual Broadcasting System, has discovered a new source of worry for us. The Spanish Library of Information which publishes *Spain*, a monthly publication of Spanish Current Events, is seen a source of objectionable propaganda. An article in the September issue, *Eastern Cradle of Hispanicism*, was mentioned and quoted as an example of this offending literature. From the tone of the commentator, we fully expected that the way was being prepared for Franco to snatch the Philippines and, perhaps, California. Overwrought and nervous, we rushed to the article and found it innocuous, and more truthful than a brochure advertising a summer resort. In brief, it stated that the Spaniards brought more civilization and Christian culture to their colonies than did the British or the Dutch and that there was still much Spanish culture and architecture and sympathy in the Philippines. What is alarming or subversive about that? Is it that any reflection on the British or the Dutch is an attack on the American Constitution? Or are the pictures of

Spanish architecture in Manila un-American? Or was it because Franco offended so many Americans by winning his war that this makes the mention of his name a suspicious and subversive matter? Please, Mr. Hale, we poor sheep have enough to worry us without your playing the old game of wolf! wolf! Allow us to worry about the real ones.

REVOLT by the post-war poor is foreseen by two eminent churchmen, Dr. Everett S. Clinchy and Rabbi Morris S. Lazaron, as the world's most nightmarish menace. Speaking at the National Conference of Christians and Jews, held recently at New Orleans, they predicted "the world's worst holocaust if the rights of the poor are ignored." If there are any poor in the world today, they are certainly those oppressed and starving souls in the occupied countries, and if they have any rights, they have the supreme right of hoping that Christian charity will bring them practical succor from the richest country in the world. If Washington (and Whitehall) continue to do, as they have done, simply nothing at all about Mr. Hoover's pleas and plans to feed the destitute in Europe, we fear that a wave of revulsion and contempt will engulf Europe's poor—contempt for democracy that bandies high-sounding phrases about freedom, but will do nothing about food. If we want the democratic spirit kept alive in Europe, we would do well to be not only an "arsenal for democracy," but also a granary for the starving. We suggest a new V-for-Victory campaign—V standing for victuals.

CONVICTED in the Federal Court at Lexington, Kentucky, October 27, on charges of monopoly and price fixing, three great tobacco companies face a maximum fine of \$20,000 each, and thirteen of their executives similar fines and four years' imprisonment. What effect this verdict will have on five other major corporations which, by special agreement with the Government and on condition that they would accept penalties if convictions were obtained, remained out of the trial, has not yet been announced. Regardless of the final disposition of the case, our suspicion grows, as we follow Thurman Arnold, Assistant Attorney General, in his crusade to enforce the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, that much of the oratory about the American system of free enterprise consists largely of cant. The big fellows seem to show their devotion to "rugged individualism" by virile phrases and patriotic exclamations, after the manner of Wendell Willkie in the late presidential campaign. The practice they leave to the "little fellows." What we cannot understand in all this is the naivete of many small busi-

nessmen who persist in parroting the bromides of "big business" under the delusion that their interests are identical. Some day they are going to realize that, in defense of slogans which have little connection with economic reality, they have been cutting their own throats.

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WAR pros and cons were heard. . . . Broadcasting a Navy Day address, President Roosevelt declared: ". . . the shooting has started . . . America has been attacked . . . we are pledged to pull our own oar in the destruction of Hitlerism . . . we Americans have cleared our decks and taken our battle stations. ." The President said he had in his possession a secret German map showing how Hitler intended to rearrange Latin America. Also, Mr. Roosevelt added, he had a document revealing Hitler's plan to abolish all religion. The map could not be shown to reporters for fear of closing up a source of information, the Chief Executive stated. Mr. Roosevelt urged removal of combat zone provisions in the Neutrality Act so that American ships could "carry our American goods into the harbors of friends." . . . Secretary Knox intimated that a war between the United States and Japan was practically inevitable. . . . Former Ambassador William C. Bullitt called for an immediate declaration of war against Germany. . . . Addressing a national Girl Scout convention in Texas, Sir Gerald Campbell, head of the British Information Bureau in the United States, pictured the perversion of youth in Germany. . . . The Russian War Relief, Inc., described as a new form of the Communist-controlled American Peoples Mobilization, staged a rally in New York. When Lord Halifax, British Ambassador, arose to speak, the audience cried: "Open up a Western Front." . . . The United States destroyer *Kearny* bombed a U-boat before she was torpedoed, the Navy Department revealed. The Department stated it will pursue a policy of secrecy concerning submarines which may be sunk by the American fleet. Secretary Knox refused to comment when asked about reports that three submarines have already been sunk by American warships.

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REFERRING to President Roosevelt's Navy Day broadcast, Senator Taft remarked: "President Roosevelt has now admitted publicly that he has tricked the American people. While talking of peace . . . President Roosevelt announces he has already done what he can to plunge the nation into a shooting war." Mr. Taft said the address furnished confirmation of the charges that the President was leading the nation "down the road to bloodshed, while constantly repeating pledges of peace." Concerning the President's statement: ". . . we are pledged to pull our own oar in the destruction of Hitlerism," the Senator inquired: "Who gave the pledge? . . . only Congress can make such a pledge. . . . Only Congress can constitutionally order our ships and our boys into an offensive war." . . . Quoting President Roosevelt's pre-election

pledges to keep the nation out of war, Senator Vandenberg urged that before Congress repeals the Neutrality Act and thus "needlessly and unwisely asks for war . . . we should be sure there is no other recourse . . . I should prefer that we present to all the Axis the choice of reasonable negotiations now as the alternative to our frank, all-out entry into the war, if reasonable negotiations fail." . . . Referring to the President's Navy Day address, Senator Walsh, after stating the Navy is not prepared to fight a foreign war, declared: "The President has left no doubt of his purpose to wage war against the Axis powers—naval warfare at present but war of every kind on all fronts as time goes on." . . . Asserting an American army of 8,000,000 would be necessary to invade Germany, former Ambassador Cudahy urged a negotiated peace.

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ENCOURAGING, to say the least, is the award voted this year by the Gallery of Living Catholic Authors, with headquarters at Webster Groves College, Webster Groves, Mo., for the best book of 1940 written in English by a Catholic. Eric Gill's *Autobiography* wins the laurel, and the encouragement lies in the fact that this award gives added proof that Catholics are increasingly awake and sensitive to excellence in literature. Recognition of fine qualities commonly leads to admiration, and that in turn to a desire to show forth the same. These annual awards, then, are not only decorations for the doughty warriors of the pen; they are, too, a challenge and a stimulus to the diffident tyro. May many future awards of the Gallery come as accolades to American Catholic authors, for, although we are not provincial, it is but right that American laurels should crown American brows.

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YOU can never be quite sure where AMERICA will turn up. We once lost a brief-case on the Elevated, and, after a day's search, located the Lost-and-Found office, and ascertained that the property clerk filled gaps in his daily hours by reading AMERICA from cover to cover. Result, he discovered, that he became the best informed property clerk in the country. One of France's leading manufacturers, who periodically visits the United States, never fails to read AMERICA. When Paris was occupied by the Germans, he was informed they would be so happy to have the honor to plant themselves in his house, and, therefore, he would kindly vacate it at such an hour on such a day. He saw little use in arguing the matter, packed his belongings and prepared to move. But he had one last shot. On the library table, duly secured with a paper-weight, he left AMERICA's issue of February 3, 1940, with the pages open at Etienne Gilson's contribution to the series of articles on the European countries. If he could not talk to the conquerors, he hoped that AMERICA would. We hope they enjoyed their reading. But we also hope that they appreciated our kindness in warning them of what sooner or later is going to cause them a very painful cervical discomfort.

IN a special interview with the Editor and the publisher of the *Catholic Sun*, Syracuse, N. Y., Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen made the startling statement that he expects Hitler to invade Rome. Said the Monsignor: "I think he has that on his schedule. I think he will try to destroy Saint Peter's. I think that the Holy Father may have to leave Saint Peter's as a result of Hitler's ambitions." He believed Hitler would have to go into Italy in order to "keep Italy in line"; and as a "second reason" he observed: "I think that Hitler is diabolically possessed, and my reason for this is because this man, without any training, education or military background, has come forward as one of the world's greatest wizards. He has not been lucky. He has been unbelievably ingenious. He has gone so far that I think he is free to do nothing else but to strike at the very center of Christianity."

DECLARATIONS as to Russia and religious freedom appear from non-Catholic sources. Dr. Rufus W. Weaver, Executive Secretary of the District of Columbia Baptist Convention, disclosed that an appeal to the Soviet Government to grant religious freedom throughout the U.S.S.R. was voiced here three months ago by representatives of the three leading Baptist parties in the United States, the Northern, Southern and National (Negro) Baptists. The combined membership of the three parties is listed at 11,000,000. Issued shortly after the Nazi invasion of Russia, the appeal, which is believed to be the only one of its kind, still remains unanswered, said Dr. Weaver, according to Religious News Service. Shortly after the downfall of the Tsar, the Baptist Church was one of the strongest Protestant denominations in Russia. At that time there were some two million members in the country.

RELIGIOUS freedom in Russia cannot be compared with religious freedom in America, was asserted in a statement signed by forty-three New England clergymen made public in Boston. They took issue with twenty-eight Boston clergymen who had expressed the view that the constitutional pledge of religious freedom in Soviet Russia "is a good augury for the future." Said the forty-three signers: "Religious freedom as practised in America has established the right of witness to faith and of persuading others to accept it. This is not possible to attempt in Russia. . . . There is no freedom to spread religion because irreligion is dominant in Russia as militant atheism." Furthermore, there is no free instruction of children and youth in Russia, nor right to summon national or religious conferences, no theological seminaries, no religious teachers.

PHILADELPHIA'S first Catholic Church was built by Father Joseph Greateon, Jesuit missionary pioneer of Colonial times. Father Greateon's will, written and signed 192 years ago, has just been located in the basement of City Hall in Philadelphia. The will was immediately recognized by Registrar of Wills, John McCloskey, as an historical discovery.

His testament was accepted for probate August 30, 1753, shortly after he died at Bohemia, Maryland, a Jesuit mission station whence he returned from Philadelphia worn out by his pastoral labors there and through eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York. It is dated September 2, 1749, and leaves "all my worldly goods" to the Rev. Robert Harding, his successor at St. Joseph's Church. This was the traditional method used in those days by the Jesuit missionaries to ensure transmission of Church property, there being no safe provision for legal incorporation of ecclesiastical goods.

ONLY newspaper in the world that really has the interests of Livonia, N. Y., at heart claims to be the *Livonia Gazette*. In its issue of October 2, the *Gazette* tells of a curious relic recently discovered by Herman G. Hetzler, manufacturer and ardent amateur archeologist, of Rochester, N. Y., at East Bloomfield, on the site of St. Michael's Mission, or Gandougarae. The relic is a wooden vase or cup of fine quality and artistic Indian workmanship, unlike anything that has yet been found in the Iroquois country, and was found in the grave of an Indian maiden. The name of an apparent Spanish missionary is inscribed thereon, and this has given rise to much speculation.

INTIMATIONS as to what the future of the Church will be in the countries conquered and occupied by Hitler appears from the text of two Nazi documents establishing control over Church groups in Poland. These documents are now made public by the N.C.W.C. News Service and reveal that in German-occupied Poland, Church organizations, non-Catholic and Catholic alike, are placed in utter dependence upon the will of the presiding Nazi official for their very existence. The control, the documents reveal, is exercised through the expedient of granting or withholding "juridical personality" to religious organizations and through granting to the Reich governor all supervision over their financial affairs. The document states bluntly that the new churches set up by the Reich are now taking the place of the juridical persons of the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches which were in existence as of September 1, 1939, in the territory of the Reich district of Wartheland.

ACCORDING to an A.P. dispatch, Mexico City, October 27, confidence that religious peace would return to Mexico during President Manuel Avila Camacho's Administration was expressed on that date by Archbishop Luis M. Martinez, Primate of the Church in Mexico. The Archbishop said: "President Avila Comacho, who on repeated occasions has said he will govern for all, has notably eased the situation of the Catholic Church in Mexico." The Archbishop added that it was natural that slow progress should be made in resolving the various aspects of religious problems. He added, too, that "having, as we do have, good will on all sides I have hope that religious peace will come." The Church was using its influence for Pan-American unity in the present world crisis, he also stated.

GREETINGS TO THE SULPICIANS ON THEIR DOUBLE ANNIVERSARY

RICHARD GINDER

THERE is an unobtrusive little group of priests in this country about which the American laity knows very little. One would think that, after being here 150 years, they would have won some recognition by the people; but the fact is that they have been going quietly about their business, taking meticulous care of the apostolate entrusted to them, and happy in their peace of conscience and the good will of their superiors.

Yet, they have had a profound influence on the laity, these Priests of Saint Sulpice, for their work is nothing more, or, should one say, nothing less, than the formation of priests.

The Sulpicians are professional seminarians. They come to the seminary as students and remain within its walls for the rest of their lives, devoting their priestly ministry to training young men in parish work.

They make seminaries their career. They do not accept the prelate's purple nor the bishop's crozier. They have no parishes. They have, in fact, no work which might occupy them regularly outside their community. They get up with their boys, morning after morning, at five-thirty and stay with them through meditation in the chilly prayer hall. Their rooms are distributed through the building, a few to each floor. They do not have prefects of discipline. They explain the rule to their students twice a year, convince them of its reasonableness, and then trust to the honor of the community, setting the example themselves in its faithful observance.

They take their meals with their students and, in recreation periods, they walk with the boys. In that way, they get an insight into the character and temperament of aspirants, which is invaluable when it comes to the question of promoting them to Orders.

You wonder how Saint Sulpice enters into the picture? It is not that he is their patron in any special way. His presence is accidental. He just happens to be the titular of the church at which the founder of this pious society was stationed—the parish of St. Sulpice in Paris.

Jean Jacques Olier, in his younger days, had nothing much to recommend him over his contemporaries in seventeenth-century France. He was a very worldly person, not too good, nor too wicked, until one day God worked a miracle for him in the restoration of his failing eyesight. The miracle turned him into a saint. He prepared for the priesthood and was ordained. After that, with Saint Vin-

cent de Paul and the Oratorian Père de Condren, he became convinced of the great need for seminaries in France.

On December 29, 1641, Olier, with two other priests of like sentiments, began community life in one of the Parisian suburbs. The Sulpicians, then, have a double anniversary this year: the tercentenary of the founding of their little society, and the sesquicentennial of their first seminary in this country.

Father Olier soon had eight students with him. This was the mother of all the Sulpician seminaries, and even then its founder set the pattern for his disciples; for the Fathers with Olier at Vaugirard lived the life with their students.

The pastor, after turning over his place to Father Olier, took a good long vacation, leaving the visiting priests a free hand for the reformation of the parish.

They did so well that the pastor of St. Sulpice in Paris invited them over to effect a similar transformation in his parish. Father Olier moved in with his little community, and the Sulpicians made the parish famous. At that time, it was the largest parish in the city, with an equally large reputation for vice. Things had actually gone so far that the people despaired of a reform.

Father Olier met the challenge systematically. He divided the parish into eight portions, each in charge of a priest with helpers. It was their duty to know every soul in their district, just as a pastor now knows his parish. He set up thirteen centers of instruction, not only for children, but for adults, too. There were special courses for every type—servants, professional men, beggars, the very old, and so on. A crusade was organized against obscene literature and filthy pictures. A religious bookshop was introduced. The poor were taken care of. Orphans and delinquents were sheltered, schools were opened, and—well, the whole setup was just about 300 years ahead of its time.

His parish became a kind of school of social action. At one time, there were eighty priests on his staff, helping and observing. They would come and watch, and then carry his methods back home with them throughout all France, for adoption in their own parishes.

Father Olier now began his seminary in earnest. Before Trent, men had prepared for ordination by serving a kind of apprenticeship in the parish house. A man's pastor would show him, and teach

him all he knew about the administration of the Sacraments and parish management. That was the medieval equivalent of our twentieth-century seminary. The great advantage of the method lay in the actual experience with parish life.

Its fatal lack was in the pastor's shortcomings. Not every man is a teacher. A priest today learns thoroughly the history of the various Sacraments, for instance; that information forms his habits of thought and influences his actions long after the actual theory of it has been forgotten in the pressure of daily life.

Father Olier, then, meant to combine the best features of both methods. He would take boys right into his rectory. There they would be given formal lectures in theology. They would live a pious life in common with the parish clergy, and all of that would be combined with an active parish routine. It worked, even though the rectory did prove too small for the community. He had to move his students into another building close by.

And, as a matter of fact, a large share of this practical work is still carried on, at least in the Sulpician houses in Baltimore and Washington. Practically every student goes out once a week, visiting the jails and hospitals, instructing the deaf, and helping short-handed pastors with the catechizing of the young.

Soon Father Olier was asked to help in the foundation of other such institutions. His idea was, at first, just to lend his "Directors," as the Fathers called themselves; but the Bishops insisted on turning the institutions over to them permanently.

It was Father Emery, Superior of the mother seminary at Issy, who sent the first Sulpicians to the United States in 1791. Archbishop Carroll was the head of the American Church, with a flock numbering certainly not more than 25,000 laity (we now have 21,500,000) and about one priest for every thousand.

He was in England, awaiting his consecration to the episcopacy when he arranged with the Sulpicians for the establishment of a seminary in Baltimore. After the necessary correspondence and consultation, Father Emery selected four of his confrères, appointed one of them, Father Nagot, Superior, gave them five volunteer students from the French seminaries (plus 100,000 francs carefully set apart from the meager coffers of the society) and sent them forth with his blessing.

It took them three months to make the crossing, and when they arrived, just eight months after Bishop Carroll, Father Nagot leased a hotel, the One Mile Tavern, as it was called, on North Paca Street, not far from the Baltimore Cathedral. What is now called old St. Mary's stands on that site. The chapel was built in 1808 and the present seminary was put up between 1876 and 1895. It is now the Sulpician house of philosophy, with an enrollment of over 150 students. In recent years, the theology department, with a present registration of over 350, was moved out to the Roland Park section of the city. The cornerstone of the new chapel will be laid there on November 11.

Father Nagot offered Holy Mass in the chapel

of their new home on July 22, 1791, and on October 3, of that year, the Gentlemen of Saint Sulpice began their first academic year in the United States. The young men in Baltimore today, in 1941, are following essentially the same routine set by their spiritual fathers a century and a half ago in the Village of Baltimore.

There were difficulties. The seminary lacked a "feeder," i.e. there was no preparatory seminary. Vocations were rare; indeed, at one time, the seminary was without a student for two years. To remedy the situation, Father Nagot thought of establishing a classical school in Baltimore, but Archbishop Carroll was afraid it might offer too much competition with Georgetown, recently founded and having a hard enough time getting along.

The situation was so dark—after all, one cannot conduct a school without pupils!—that Father Emery considered recalling his confrères.

But the matter was settled in their favor, thanks be to God, by the wisdom of Pope Pius VII. Father Emery brought his troubles to the Holy Father while he was in Paris for Napoleon's coronation. Should he recall his faculty and put his priests again in French seminaries where, at least, they would have something besides desks and benches in their classrooms?

"My son," said the Holy Father, "let it stand—yes, let that seminary stand; for it will bear fruit in its own time. To recall its directors in order to employ them here in other seminaries would be to rob Peter to pay Paul."

The event has proved the inspiration of Pius VII's counsel. Thousands of American priests have since been formed by the Fathers of Saint Sulpice. From the days of Baden and Gallitzen down to our own time, they have sent, each year, hundreds of men into the ministry, each soul a masterpiece of priestly training, zealous, pious and well versed in the sacred sciences.

They are a small community, these Sulpicians! There are only a few more than a hundred in this country, but they are carefully chosen by the Holy Ghost, the flower of the diocesan clergy, set apart by the hand of God for the training of other Christs. They do not want ecclesiastical honors, nor fame, nor reputation. They help their Bishop, wherever they are, in the silent routine of the curia, the marriage boards and clergy examinations. For the rest, they want only to be left undisturbed, to live the retired life of their students, studying Christ, imitating Him and trying to form Him in the souls of their charges.

Hundreds of priests will return to Old Saint Mary's on the eleventh of this month, to talk with their old professors, to try again the classroom benches in which they sat years ago. There will be Archbishops there, and Bishops—more than eighty of them—monsignori and pastors, and a host of curates, some of them just ordained last June. With them in spirit will be still other thousands, the French and Canadian clergy, all congratulating the family of Father Olier on the completion of 300 years in the service of God's Church—on 150 of these years completed in the United States.

WHEN THE C.I.O. MEETS IN DETROIT MIGHTY ISSUES MUST BE FACED

BENJAMIN L. MASSE

ONE THOUSAND men meeting at Detroit this month may possibly decide what the country is going to look like for some time to come.

Although such a statement smacks of sensationalism, there is nothing sensational or exaggerated about it. It states a definite possibility. When the old order is fading before our eyes and the new shape of things has not yet congealed, the future lies with forces already at work in our midst.

Of these, one of the most significant and forceful is the Congress of Industrial Organizations.

Philip Murray, President of the C.I.O., commands the allegiance of about 5,000,000 American workers, and the number grows steadily month by month. This is a lot of man-power, much more than would be necessary, if such were the intention, to generate a social change.

The potential force of this dynamic organization, however, resides not nearly so much in the sheer force of numbers as in the place these men occupy in American industry and commerce. The C.I.O. has concentrated its strength mainly in the nation's great mass-production industries, like steel and automobiles, and in certain fields, like mining and shipping, which have an essential relation to them. In addition to this strategic position, a number of opinion-forming agencies, such as the press and the stage, are partly dominated by the C.I.O. Add to this the ramifications of Mr. Murray's huge organization in communications and civil service and you have a fair picture of its possibilities for social good or evil.

Lately, in connection with price control legislation, critics of the Administration proposal asserted that only fear of union labor, agriculture and the retail trades prevented the Government from demanding a ceiling on wages as well as on prices. If such is the reason, the President and his advisors, as far as union labor is concerned, are bowing to the hard reality of facts. Better than the critics, they realize that, if the C.I.O. decided to sabotage the whole rearmament program, it could accomplish this in about twenty-four hours. Without production of aluminum and coal and steel, without the automobile and aircraft factories, without shipyards and the merchant marine, without rubber and electrical supplies, the defense program would bog down overnight; and the C.I.O. rides herd on all these key industries.

What, then, stands in the way of using this tremendous power to guide the shifting tide of Ameri-

can economic life and to determine what the final pattern is to be? The opposition of the capitalist? of the farmer? of the professional and white-collar class? Perhaps. And then again, perhaps not. That is why what the thousand delegates do and say at Detroit should have the attention of the whole country.

The proceedings of the Convention must be understood and interpreted in the light of four developments of the past year. Three of these, the triumphant progress since the delegates last met at Atlantic City in 1940, the threat of Congressional action growing out of public resentment over incessant strikes in defense industries, and a constructive proposal for nothing less than the reorganization of American industry, I shall consider here, leaving the other development until next week.

The delegates will come together for the Fourth National Convention in a victorious mood, a state of mind fully justified by the gains of the past year. In general, the drive for membership and for recognition as sole bargaining agent swept successfully the length and breadth of the land. One union, the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, under the capable direction of James B. Carey, signed no fewer than 198 contracts, covering over 150,000 new members. Still greater was the progress of the U.A.W., United Automobile, Aircraft and Agricultural Implement workers, which now has a swollen membership of 528,413. This represents a fifty per cent gain in the twelve-month period ending July 31. During this time, new contracts were negotiated with 982 plants, involving 703,760 workers. Naturally, not all the unions can boast a similar numerical growth, but growth there was all along the line.

The climax of the drive for recognition was, of course, the complete capitulation of the Ford Motor Company. When Ford surrendered to the inevitable, union labor knew that employer-resistance had been cracked wide open. No higher worlds were left to conquer. Yet, only the shattering importance of the contract with Ford could overshadow another achievement of the past year which, under normal circumstances, would have been hailed as a milestone in labor history. "Little Steel," which fought so bitterly and bloodily and successfully against the attempt of the C.I.O. to gain recognition in 1937, agreed, finally, to deal with the Steel Workers Organizing Committee. The sight of Bethlehem, Youngstown Sheet and Tube

and Republic making union steel is only slightly less astonishing than the union label on a Ford car.

Equally successful were the many demands for higher wages to meet the rising costs of living. In protracted negotiations, John L. Lewis not only succeeded in abolishing the hated Southern wage differential in bituminous mines, but won a healthy increase of one dollar a day for his miners. The United States Steel Corporation was induced to hike wages ten cents an hour, and the total wage gains reported by the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers amounted to \$63,500,000. The grand total of wage increases for C.I.O. members has been estimated in excess of \$1,000,000,000.

Yet, all will not be jubilation at Detroit, for, as the C.I.O. grew steadily in numbers and power, public sentiment, hitherto generally favorable to union labor, began to shift. People became bitter over the rivalry between the C.I.O. and the A. F. of L., since this rivalry seemed to threaten the defense program. They resented, too, the practice of "raiding," the increase of jurisdictional strikes, and what seemed to them an unreasonable and untimely insistence on the union shop.

So voluble did this criticism become, that for a time last Spring, when strike after strike interrupted the smooth output of war materials, it seemed that Congress would pass legislation curbing the cherished right to strike. Three strikes in key defense plants—Allis-Chalmers, International Harvester and Bethlehem Steel—which threatened to stop the flow of vital materials, set off the smoldering explosion in Congress. On March 27, Representative Cox, of Georgia, introduced a resolution to authorize the President to draft manpower for defense labor as well as for military service. A few days later, Representative Leland Ford, of California, introduced the most drastic anti-labor bill ever offered to the House, a bill to make strikes against the United States or the defense program an act of treason punishable by twenty-five years' imprisonment.

Such legislation would have dealt union labor a crippling blow. It might even have been the opening wedge for Federal control. But the C.I.O. lobby maintained at Washington, functioning smoothly and powerfully, thwarted all these measures—at least for the time being. Meanwhile, the situation has grown worse, if anything. As this article is going to press, John L. Lewis has rejected President Roosevelt's personal appeal not to stop the production of coal in the so-called "captive" mines. This looks like a direct defiance of the Administration, and it seems likely that, if the President does nothing, Congress will accept the challenge and act. This threat, compounded of public criticism and possible Congressional action, will dampen some of the enthusiasm at Detroit. It will require, also, some serious and constructive thinking on the part of the delegates.

But the most interesting development of the past year, and one that holds the greatest potentialities for the worker's lasting good, was none of these things. In the long run, it is possible that President Murray's proposal of "Industry Councils" may turn

out to be the most important fact in recent labor history.

One day last winter, for an hour and a half, Mr. Murray expounded his plan for unity in American industry to the President of the United States. As far as is known, nothing definite has yet come out of that conference at the White House, but the writer has it on good authority that the C.I.O. is determined to fight as vigorously for the industry-council idea as it did for recognition in the steel industry. And that will be quite a fight.

To many a thoughtful student of American industry, Mr. Murray's plan contains the seeds of industrial peace and industrial democracy. The basic idea seems to be that union labor, having become strongly organized and a force in American life, has a duty to share with management the responsibility for the well being of the economic machine. It does not want to be looked upon as a competitor with capital for the wealth jointly produced, or as an outsider with no real, operative interest in the success of industry, and much less, as an enemy waiting for the day when it can seize the wealth of the employer-class and collectivize American industry. It wants to be recognized as a partner, sharing a common interest in a common enterprise, ready to shoulder its share of the burden and to contribute its thought and experience to a solution of industrial problems.

The expression of this cooperative spirit, in Mr. Murray's plan, takes the form of the "Industry Council." Made up of representatives of labor and capital, together with a chairman acting for the Government, these councils would preside over our major industries, coordinating all resources of men and materials with a view to maximum production.

Such an organization of American industry, believes the C.I.O., would do away with the spirit of class-warfare which has been the curse of our economy all along. It would bring about in a peaceful manner a desirable evolution toward real industrial democracy and thus ensure the perpetuation of our political democracy. Furthermore, by eliminating the waste due to competitive excesses and lack of coordination, it would enable industry to produce at full capacity, something that it has never succeeded in doing.

The growing sense of responsibility, manifested by the Industry-Council plan, may be a sign that the C.I.O., after a boisterous infancy, is attaining to an early maturity. It points, furthermore, to dynamic possibilities in the labor movement, hitherto unsuspected by many Americans. Sooner or later, both the Government and Big Business will have to give the Murray Plan the consideration it deserves; and when that time comes, we may be on the verge of accepting a pattern for our industrial organization that will change the tenor of American life.

Such are some of the facts that will form the background for the coming convention in Detroit. Next week, I shall discuss another development of the past year that is bound to engage a good deal of the delegates' time.

(To be continued)

BEING MISSION-MINDED GIVES A LIFT TO LIFE

FRANCIS X. DOWNEY

THROUGHOUT this big country of ours, Franklin Street, in Boston, is well known as a business mart. Commerce, manufacture, traffic in trade, retail, and wholesale business have all surged in a pell-mell wave upon this thoroughfare. It is a crowded artery in a congested area of industry. Just as in his day, Sir Thomas More, the Lord High Chancellor, was a unique contrast as a symbol of eternity in a sordid temporal kingdom, so, today, the Franklin Street Oratory named in honor of Saint Thomas More is a strange contrast in its surroundings, and merely in the world of which it has no part. It punctuates the pursuit of money like an abrupt question mark: "What does it profit. . . ?"

The hundreds upon hundreds, who, in their daily passing, stop to enter, kneel and pray, know well that the doorstep to this little Oratory of Saint Thomas More is the entrance to another world of peace, solace and strength. Within its medieval precincts, they soon learn how close He is to us.

Above the Oratory, in the same consistent contrast, are located the Boston Archdiocesan Business Bureaus of various activities. Among them is the office of Boston's Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

Enter this chapel on any morning, and amid the incessant comings and goings, you will, if you are watchful, find a priest kneeling among the laity near the altar rail. Since his whole life is dedicated to a grand ideal, you may well surmise that his fervent prayer is substantially this: "Dear Lord! please make our people mission-minded: open their eyes and their hearts: make them generous, thoughtful and prayerful: give them the great grace to see how much You love those immortal souls in other lands." For many years now, this same prayer, fortified by endless energy and ceaseless endeavor, has been answered a hundred-fold. I cite only one instance from among a score of others that clamor for expression.

While he was kneeling one morning before the Tabernacle, as is his daily practice before ascending to his work in the offices above, a vision flashed before his eyes. It was a vision of Christ listening to the plaintive cries of His suffering lepers in the tropics. "The other nine" may have been the Gospel of the Mass that morning, and the power of that scene may have lingered in the heart of the priest. Or a real leper, a dead soul in a living body, may have passed him in Franklin Street, in the vast parade of contrasts. Christ's message came faster and clearer, and more impelling, than the voice from any earthly radio to the open heart of a priestly priest: "Labor for my lepers in Jamaica, and love them."

From the moment of Christ's call to the heart of His priest, the story runs rapidly. "With me you can do all things." That day there went forth the first appeals for help to a vineyard of thousands of men, women and children whom this priest had taught for years the lesson of being mission-minded. Taking for granted the self-sacrificing generosity of his friends, this call of Christ to a new field was relayed by telephone to the Missionary Sisters of the Society of Mary, in Bedford, Mass. From Bedford it was cabled to the Sisters' Leprosarium in Makogai, Fiji Islands, in the Pacific. Those who love and labor for Christ count no costs, and fear nothing. The answer came back. "We shall gladly go to the lepers in Jamaica."

A new chapter was then opened in the annals of the Missionary Sisters of the Society of Mary. Henceforth, an island in the Atlantic was to be added to the islands of the Pacific, where for years these Sisters have been the ministering angels to Christ's poorest of all the poor and most afflicted. The Divine Friend of the lepers, represented by four Missionary Sisters, opened the door of the Spanishtown Leprosarium in the Caribbean isle of Jamaica. And Christ the King entered in.

His Excellency, the Honorable Arthur J. Richards, is the present Governor General of Jamaica. As Governor of the Islands in the Pacific, he had witnessed the work of the Sisters at Makogai. They were friends. With insistent diplomacy, His Excellency compelled the Government to take its part in the erection of suitable new buildings to replace the ugly hovels of the former leper asylum. With partial good grace the officials cooperated. A mission-minded laity and priesthood in the Archdiocese of Boston generously financed a large part of this new venture.

That was one year ago. Last month at Bedford, Mass., on the occasion of the new Leprosarium's first birthday, more than a thousand intimate friends of the Mission were thrilled by the initial "Departure Ceremony" of many Sisters for foreign lands. Among them were two smiling faces of two very happy Sisters destined for and consecrated to the lepers of Christ in Jamaica.

More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of. While touring Jamaica some few years ago, this writer made prolonged visits to two of the larger poor-houses on the Island and spent hours at the Leper Asylum. Suffice it to say that, from all three institutions, patients were allowed to come and go at will. Only the most destitute and deserted and physically helpless remained for any protracted time at Spanishtown.

In visiting the new Leprosarium today, we see before us the immediate and tangible result of a priest's prayer. Here in the erstwhile capital of the Island is a modern home for Christ's afflicted attended by angels of God's mercy, with a love and a soul and a cheerful heart that all the salaries in the world could never initiate or inspire. It would be well-nigh beyond the recompensing powers of a tremendous pay-check.

You who are mission-minded know well that these Sisters have the eyes to see not merely the

leprous wounds of a Jamaican blackman, but the open, severed, throbbing flesh of a flagellated, crucified Body that died on the Cross of an ever-present Calvary. Mere humanitarianism would pall and fail. There is, in truth, a vital need of the high romance that Christ Himself injected into our Faith, when He said "... you do it unto me."

Mission-minded people never merely vegetate or hibernate. They *Live Life!* They never sink to the commonplace. There are no drab moments: no vapid, vacant days. Every minute is aglow; every call is an achievement; every trial a triumph. The mission-minded crusader is a victor, because with Christ there can be no failure, and no defeat. Each one is conscious of fighting a tremendous battle against anti-Christ in an immense battalion of gallant ranks. Theirs is a spiritualized, united army that embraces the world, and reaches from the passing present into the long, long future of eternity. These men and women are Christ's lay priesthood, living hand in hand with their Captains of the Eternal priesthood in the far-flung battlefields of God.

For those whose minds and lives are so consecrated, the haunting fear of loneliness that knocks so hard and often at the door of the human heart, is forever shut out. No one can be lonely whose friends are legion, and each and every one of them stamped with the image of the King. They are at home in Singapore, Alaska, Capetown, Peking and the world over. They are united in unbreakable bonds of spiritual brotherhood. For them the membership in the Mystical Body of Christ is a living breathing, pulsing life that is worthy of the most enthusiastic living. They cannot be alone: Christ is with them all days!

The friend of the missions is not only with Christ, he is Christlike. One must be mission-minded to know the thrill of being closely united with millions of others in a great world movement. It is thrilling to awaken each morning knowing that in some far-distant spot there is an altar that you helped to give. Yesterday, you gave an altar to those poor people: today God gives them—Himself!

The priest who daily kneels in the Oratory of Saint Thomas More before beginning his day's work invites the laity to attune itself to humanity in Christ. His days are spent enlisting human hearts and high-minded souls in this army of enthusiasts. This priest would have us be Christlike, and he points out the way: be like Christ in His love for the Missions, and inevitably this one likeness will lead to all the others.

To those who know this priest, it is clear that his model and patron is the Firebrand of the Indies. We know that Christ came on earth to manifest and reveal His Father. Xavier's life shows plainly enough his own burning desire to reveal Christ to men and women. He became a Saint by becoming mission-minded.

The priest of Franklin Street is the Bishop of the Missions. He is not only another Firebrand or another Xavier. He is another Christ, salvaging the lepers and the outcasts.

DOWN WITH THE BOYS IN A TEXAS CAMP

VINCENT L. COTTAM



"A CHAPLAIN in the Army? Congratulations, Father. Pretty soft for you. No parish work; no worries; no drilling. Nothing to do but say Mass on Sundays. What a break!"

My friend, bubbling over with good will and a feeling of satisfaction with what was, as he saw it, my particular good fortune, shook my hand and departed jauntily down the avenue. He was a former parishioner of mine, whom I had met by accident while in town on business relating to my work as Chaplain at Camp Hulen. It never occurred to him that my refusal to join him at lunch might be an indication of how little of his time an Army Chaplain actually can call his own.

I did not bother to explain how full the Chaplain's day is. I did not tell him the only man in our outfit who sleeps under a roof is the camp cook, for at Camp Hulen we are a tent colony lacking many of the amenities which he takes for granted in his daily existence. I did not explain that Sunday Mass marked not the end of the Chaplain's duties, but the beginning of each strenuous week, a week much busier than the average week in a parish. I did not tell him, either, that days on which I have time for a little recreation or reading are very rare indeed.

Our canvas community at Camp Hulen spreads over 1,200 acres of the Texas Coastal Plains on the flatlands bordering historic Matagorda Bay, where once dwelt the cannibal Karankawa Indians and where Cabeza da Vaca lived through the winter of 1519—the first white man to set foot on Texas soil. Into this same Bay Robert Cavelier, Sieur de La Salle, sailed in 1685 with his three ships, *Amiable*, *Belle* and *Joli*, accompanied by 200 colonists in the ill-fated attempt to found a Texan colony for Louis XIV. When the Spaniards located the colony, Fort St. Louis, on Garcitas Creek, a few years later, not a Frenchman had been left alive by the Indians. Across Matagorda Bay, on the southwest shore, is the site of the once prosperous town of Indianola, the second port of Texas until it was literally wiped out during a tropical hurricane in 1875.

In the hinterland are some of the most extensive oil fields of Texas, whose flares light the plains at night, while not far distant along the coast to the north are the richest sulphur mines in the United States. The fishing port of Palacios, with its sandy streets and population of 2,200, is the nearest village, two miles away. More than 100 miles north is the city of Houston; San Antonio is approximately 150 miles west, and Corpus Christi is another 100 miles south along the "hug-the-coast" highway.

Formerly a training ground for the 36th Infantry, Camp Hulen is located in one of the least traveled sections of east Texas, a community that burgeoned overnight, as it were, with the mobilization of a new Army under the National Defense program. It is a community of several thousand men from the rank and file to top officers, and every last man, with the single exception, living under canvas.

This is the milieu in which the Chaplain's day begins at five-thirty in the morning, when faithful "Big Ben" rings out fifteen minutes before the bugle boy's solo is heard. Daily Mass is celebrated at six o'clock, with an average of thirty soldiers in attendance. There is little time for thanksgiving after Mass, for the Chaplain must be at mess at six-thirty. His office hours start an hour later, when most business men are rolling out of bed in the comfort of their homes, and in that happy indifference to the weather that can obtain only within the security of four walls and a roof. Dinner at noon interrupts the office routine for an hour. Afterwards, the Chaplain must be back at his desk from one o'clock until five.

What is there to occupy the Chaplain during office hours? Perhaps a review of an average day might best answer that question.

A group of soldiers having requested furloughs invariably will call on the Chaplain to assist them with their applications, or an Army nurse is about to be married and calls to obtain assistance in her arrangements. A boy faces court martial on a charge of desertion. In his hour of trial, he looks to the Chaplain for sympathetic hearing of his side of the story before the formal trial begins. The Chaplain, realizing his recommendations will carry weight with the board of officers, bends every effort to get to the bottom of the situation and help the youth out of his difficulty.

Another youth feels he is the object of unfair discrimination on the part of a superior officer. The Chaplain must listen patiently. Sometimes he is able to convince the boy his trouble is merely a state of mind. Again, the Chaplain may have reason to believe the youth's complaint has root in just grounds. The Chaplain's problem is to ascertain the true situation and then evolve the simplest solution. He must know whether an appeal to the officer in question would be advisable, or whether, through those channels which are open only to a Chaplain, it might not be best to effect, quietly and without fanfare, a transfer of the hapless youth to another unit where he will be free of the baneful influence that was the cause of his misery. When such action is taken, great discretion must be exercised to make sure no hint of the influence wielded is permitted to leak out either among the men or among the officers.

Hour after hour is devoted to planning for the recreation of these healthy, vigorous and active young men. More than any other officer in camp, the Chaplain has reason to know the legitimacy of the old adage concerning the uses Satan makes of idle hands and idle brains.

Another soldier drops in merely to ask for aid

in obtaining a textbook on trigonometry. A simple enough matter, yet one not to be disposed of in a few seconds, for the Chaplain discovers this youth's request is a pretext. He wants to come in and talk. He is studying for an Air Corps examination and is worried over the prospect. He needs encouragement. He needs the assurance—though he does not realize it—that comes with the feeling someone has enough personal interest in his hopes and ambitions to listen to and take part in a discussion of his future. This boy must be allowed to sit down and talk. He must be given to feel his auditor wants him to tell about his chances, until, unconsciously, he has talked his worries away. After the visit, his likelihood of passing the examination has increased appreciably—and thirty minutes of the Chaplain's day have ineluctably escaped.

The Chaplain is called the "sympathy division," from these demands made upon his time. He is at the call of the men from morning till night, seven days a week. When any other officer is unable to cope with a situation involving personnel, or does not want to grapple with a particular problem, it automatically becomes a matter for the Chaplain's attention.

Also a part of the daily routine are the regular hospital calls, not only to give Communion to boys of our own Faith, but consolation to all others on the sick list, for the Chaplain is Chaplain not only of the Catholics but of the camp. The boys look upon the Chaplain as a friend, and they feel the particular need of a friend when they are ill. They must not be disappointed. A Protestant boy will as readily call for the Catholic Chaplain when he sees him enter the hospital as will a Catholic boy. There is a camaraderie that tends to look beyond the normal sectarian horizons. As if to emphasize this attitude, recently, when I was assigned a new office with an assistant Chaplain, the assistant who joined me was a Jewish rabbi and my office clerk a good Methodist.

Supper is at six o'clock. For many other officers this means a surcease of responsibility, but not for the Chaplain. He has his scheduled evening discussion clubs, his instruction classes for converts, his choir rehearsals, Confessions and a score of other duties which can be undertaken in the evening only, when no other affairs are likely to cause interruption.

This all adds up to a hard, trying day, but no Chaplain would want it otherwise. Sharing the life of the boys, he has wonderful opportunities to help them, not only spiritually, but in many other ways. The knowledge that he is aiding them to preserve the ideal of their Faith is ample compensation for the inconveniences of army life.

Our hardships are such as will seem trivialities when, at some distant day, we shall be able to look back and enjoy the retrospect. Meanwhile, it adds no iota of comfort to life under canvas that our first few months at Camp Hulen have coincided with the rainiest spring and summer Texas has experienced in somewhat more than a quarter of a century.

WITH PRICES GOING UP AND UP COMES NEED FOR CONTROL

GERHARD HIRSCHFELD

A PIECE of legislation that cannot wait until next year is the one concerning the control of prices. It is an urgent problem, as the President stated in his message to Congress of July 30, 1941. In the thousands of letters that reach Congressmen from back home, the voters leave no doubt about how they feel, with prices for milk and meat, for shirts and shoes going up and up. The entrepreneur and the professional man, the farmer and the white-collar employe agree there ought to be a stop to the steep curve of commodity prices. They disagree, though, as to where price control should be applied and where it should not. Of course, their own price policy is justified, but the national trend is all wrong. What, then, are the facts, and where is the culprit?

The cause behind the rise of commodity prices is obvious. There is a tremendous public demand for goods that the Government also wants, and that the Government must have. Not even in the greatest peace-time booms is there a comparative demand, largely for two reasons. The customers are not limiting their demands to one kind of goods as today the Government is concentrating upon armaments. Besides, in more normal times, money sets certain limitations. But this is not the case today. The demand is one-sided, it is enormous and it is of short patience. Our economy is not free because its foundation, namely, supply and demand, has been altered into one of "supply at all costs." And prices would ordinarily just run away were it not that the Government can and does manipulate brakes.

It can (but does not) say to the farmer: if you charge too much for corn, we are going to release some of our vast stores and compete with you. Or it can tell the dealer in steel scrap (as it has done): if your prices continue to rise, we are going to buy directly from the railroads (which are chief producers of scrap) and you can sit outside and twiddle your thumbs. Or if domestic copper became too dear, the Government could import copper from South America and dump it on the market. Washington could take all kinds of measures; it certainly has the authority. Most important, it could just lay down the law and fix maximum prices.

In fact, it has done so. A "ceiling," that is, top limit, has been fixed for more than thirty commodities, and they are practically all industrial commodities. Naturally, industry does not like it. However, the Government does not pronounce a "ceiling" without due delay and deliberation, as befits a

democracy. Mr. Henderson's OPACS (Office of Price Administration and Civilian Supply) first makes a study of prices and costs. Then, if findings warrant, it issues a warning, and only should that go unheeded, does it fix a ceiling on the commodity.

Obviously, the problems of enforcing a certain price level, even in a single industrial branch, are tremendous. How much more difficult, then, if all the economic branches, as they are stripped for action in the name of national defense, are to be included! And how many branches there are: there is the mine with its diggers and dynamiters; the refinery with its chemists and engineers; the railroad with its switchmen and conductors; piers and docks with their stevedores; farmers, millions of them; employers, draftsmen, inventors, executives, officers workers, common laborers, typists, agents, retailers, mechanics, jobbers, scientists, scrub-women, chimney sweepers, janitors, accountants, and a thousand other professions.

For our purpose, however, be it stated that four groups are the important and indispensable ones: the worker, the farmer, the producer, and the distributor (to which one may add the financier-manager). It is they upon whom our national economy is based; and it is they again upon whom depends our armament program. If one were called upon to choose the logical approach to effective price control, one may be expected to choose it along the aforementioned lines and argue thus: if we fix prices on the farm, prices of labor, prices within the factory, and prices of train, ship, truck and plane service, we ought to be pretty close to thorough price control all through the nation's economic activity.

But this apparently is faulty reasoning. From authoritative quarters in the labor, the farm and related fields we hear that labor is not a commodity and should not be made subject to terms of commodity price regulation; that farm production depends upon the weather, is open to attack by insects and disease, is influenced by regional variations of climate. The friends of labor argue that it makes no sense if maximum prices are fixed in order to protect the buyer, and then the buyer is hurt considerably by the fixing of wages. Some government economists declare that wage fixing makes good theory but extremely poor practice, because the administration of labor is far too complicated and diversified to be handled effectively by a price authority. And finally, it is pointed out,

most political leaders are pledged to provide good wages and insist on "fair" farm prices. This last argument seems to come closest to the question of what makes price control such a piece-meal attempt.

Now to the other side. Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., chairman of the board of the General Motors Corporation, has expressed himself to the effect that it is "silly to think we can control prices without controlling wages." In this opinion he is supported by practically all those who try to see the issues of price control in a purely economic light. Chief among these is the Brookings Institution which, in a recent highly relevant and highly factual pamphlet, stated flatly that the principal factors in the upward movement of prices are higher farm prices and higher wages. Omit these two from price-control legislation and you cannot possibly arrive at an effective law. Such well grounded experts as Bernard Baruch and Marriner Eccles agree.

What, then, is the explanation? Whom should we believe? Who is right?

Let us be impartial and say no one is right and no one is wrong. The two simply start from different premises and, therefore, come out on different sides of the argument. Those who say that prices cannot be controlled without including farm prices and wages are thoroughly supported by the economic facts. But here is the hitch: it is only the economic facts and none other which support them. Yet, it will be conceded that the nation's defense effort consists of more than an economic effort; it involves a mighty political conviction; it leans heavily upon a vast administrative machine; and, most important of all, it stands squarely upon the democratic principle.

Here is where the other opinion comes in. To be sure, if Congress wants to leave out labor and the farmer, it has one cautious eye on their enormous political strength. The two are a vital part of our political system, no less than wages and farm prices are an essential part of our price system. It is, therefore, by no means illogical to say that an outright and over-all control of prices, including the products of the farm and the wages of the worker, would push aside the political interests and social rights of certain groups (and they are major groups) of the population. Such control would mean the dictatorship of the economic interest.

This is not to say, however, that such economic dictatorship is absolutely unthinkable. In order to crush Hitlerism it may be necessary to establish it. And we may before long reach that point. But it is only fair to the large group of anti-all-over-price-control advocates to state that its adoption would require a re-shuffling of the normal balance between the economic, the political and the social interest. Democracies do not easily fall for ultra-economic schemes. For proof look abroad.

After two years of a gruelling war effort, Great Britain has not yet adopted over-all price control. The government, to be sure, has gone farther than ours. It has outlawed strikes and decreed compulsory arbitration. In fact, it holds wide powers over labor. But it does not use them. Labor is too

strong, and the government prefers voluntary co-operation. Instead of putting a ceiling on wages, it guarantees minimum rates to keep up with the rising cost of living, and this drives prices up. Last June, wholesale commodity prices were about fifty per cent above those at the outbreak of the war. And notwithstanding all government efforts, retail food prices have risen twenty-five per cent over the same period. There is no all-inclusive central price-control system, and the vicious spiral, rising wages—rising cost of living—further rise in wages, etc., is in slow effect. But the social and political rights have remained largely untouched.

Or take Canada. For two years it tried to get along with a limited amount of price fixing and of wage control, until the rapid rise in prices forced more drastic action. Only the other day, the Canadian Prime Minister, W. L. Mackenzie King announced that a ceiling would be applied to virtually all prices and wages in industry.

The triumph of the economic theory we find in the German dictatorship. When the war broke out, the government just issued its dictates to labor: wages were lowered; paid vacations abolished; hours were increased from eight to ten and even more; strikes were forbidden; the worker was not allowed to quit his job, nor was the employer allowed to dismiss him. Wages have been held down severely, with the result that the cost of living in Germany rose less than in any other country, about five per cent since the war began.

For this result the German people have had to pay with the surrender of their political, their social, even their individual rights. It is not at all likely that the German example will be duplicated in the United States and that a rigid method of price control will ever be so ruthlessly enforced. No doubt we shall see more government "interference with business." No doubt there are in the cards more "demands" and less reliance upon voluntary cooperation; but it is the conclusion of this author that our system of price control is destined to stop short of perfection.

We shall make progress in the sense that, as the emergency grows, so will grow the willingness on the part of labor to cooperate. But only the very blackest hour of despair will persuade people to give up their rights, not only to be free but to make a profit. And they will resist with all their might an effort to turn a democracy, with its potential profits and opportunities, into the armed camp of a dictatorship where there is nothing left for the individual. For let it not be forgotten that, at the bottom of the question of price control, there is nothing less than the issue which confronts the democratic with the dictatorial principle, which puts the individual up against the collective and which replaces freedom with force.

And prices? The elastic nature of the democratic system will make it possible for prices to pursue a slow upward movement, enough to scare the people, but hardly enough to alarm them, let alone to drive them into despair. And despair alone can clear the way for dictatorship; as dictatorship alone can make all prices freeze to a dead stop.

PUBLIC school education on the elementary and secondary levels remains almost completely irreligious. This is the only possible conclusion from a recent survey of the movement to release pupils during school hours for religious instruction. The United States Office of Education, which conducted the survey in cooperation with the International Council of Religious Education, has announced that only 164,013 children in thirty-eight states are attending classes in religion under the leased-time plan. Of the 26,000,000 children in the elementary and secondary schools, this constitutes a pitiful minority.

The Survey also revealed that the legal basis for the movement lacks as yet a desirable stability and uniformity. During the past year, attempts were made in seven states to clarify the legality of released time for religious instruction. In six states, California, New Mexico, Rhode Island, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania and Colorado, the bills were either defeated or permitted to die in committee. Only in Massachusetts was the effort successful, thus bringing to nine the number of states that have provided legislative authority for released time.

In the other states where pupils are studying religion during school hours, the only basis for the practice is the interpretation of existing state laws by courts and attorneys general.

This Review has never taken the position that the release of public-school children for a weekly instruction in religion represents an ideal situation. Over a system, however, in which children are "educated" without any reference to Almighty God, it represents a minimum and critically necessary advance. In every way possible, religious-minded parents should support the movement for released time. Where state laws, in the minds of the courts and attorneys general, deny to parents the constitutional right of religious education for their children, an attempt should be made to secure fitting legislation. In this matter, Catholic parents who, for some adequate reason, are unable to send their children to a Catholic school, cannot be indifferent.

Unfortunately, the survey seems to show that a great deal of indifference exists. In the thirty-eight states where the plan for religious education operates, only 357 school systems are giving their pupils a chance to enjoy religious instruction. Surely, in the thousands of other school systems where the provision for released time has not been used, not all the blame can be placed on backward or hostile school officials. Some of it must rest on the shoulders, and the consciences, of parents, teachers and pastors.

The plan is admittedly inadequate and involves serious inconveniences, but where the souls of our children are at stake, we cannot, on such grounds, justify our inactivity. Furthermore, the bitter opposition in some quarters to released time for religious instruction will grow stronger in direct proportion to the indifference of Catholics.

SEEKING THE ULTIMATES

IN HIS Navy Day address, President Roosevelt made two startling revelations. He did not choose, however, to reveal his mind in regard to a third matter of importance.

In his possession, he stated, he has "a secret map made in Germany by Hitler's Government." On this map, he revealed, the Nazi planners obliterate fourteen Central and South American Republics, and in their stead erect five Nazi vassal states. There is no doubt that the President has such a map, little doubt it was plotted in Germany. Such maps are not scarce, nor are they startling, except when featured by the President of the United States. They represent wild and wishful thinking on the part of some of the Nazi brainsters.

The President, likewise, has another document made in Germany. This calls for the obliteration of established religion throughout the world, and the substitution of the Nazi swastika-and-naked-sword religion. No one need doubt the existence of such a Nazi document. They are not new nor are they rare. Furthermore, the President and all of us know that documents of this sort have been reduced to brutal practice in Germany during the past seven years.

In instancing these two documents, the President doubtless intended to portray dramatically the Nazi ambition to Hitlerize the world, especially our country, and to impress Americans with Nazi villainy and irreligion. Scraps of paper, with or without authority, are not needed as proofs. We have witnessed the enslavement of peoples and the ruthless persecutions of religions by the Nazis.

A more important document was not revealed by the President on Navy Day, or previously. This is the document for which we have been waiting, namely, a complete statement as to the ultimate aims of the Administration in regard to war against Hitler.

The Lease-Lend program, the arming of merchantmen, the convoying of ships by destroyers, the orders to shoot on sight can be interpreted as acts of war. How much further into war shall the country plunge? Are our armed forces being conditioned to wage an offensive and aggressive warfare against Nazi Germany?

The President stated that we have followed "the course of honesty and realism" in regard to the Neutrality Act. The country has a right to know whither that course is leading us.

ARE THE YANKS GOING?

BEYOND all expectations, Soviet Russia has heroically defended its vast areas against the overpowering Nazi war-machine. British and American statesmen concede this oratorically. They offer encouragement by the promise of delivery, if possible, of planes, tanks and war materials.

The British and American Communists, and their fellow-travelers, are not content, however, with fine words of praise. They want these tributes translated into deeds as heroic as Russia's.

In London, 1,500 delegates, representing more than 500,000 workers engaged in war industries, issued a statement that alarm is "felt by the workers in every factory that the government is not pulling its weight alongside Russia . . . is letting Russia down." Hence, "they insist on the immediate opening of a second front."

A few days later, Laborite spokesmen in Parliament demanded that British action be taken against Nazi Germany, somewhere or anywhere, to create a diversion in favor of struggling Russia.

Numerous and large rallies have been held, and resolutions passed demanding an invasion of the Continent, along the Western coastline.

Eleven Canadian writers and editors, on their recent return from England, confirmed the statements made in these pages a few weeks ago, that Hitler cannot be crushed by a purely defensive war. It was their "belief that Hitlerism can only be finally vanquished by a direct invasion of Germany itself."

When Lord Halifax spoke last week in Madison Square Garden, in praise of Russia, he was greeted by the chant of the British workers' slogan: "Open up a Western Front!"

We agree with Anthony Eden, Foreign Secretary, replying to the critics of British war inactivity, that the decision of opening up a second front, by invasion, rests with the War Cabinet, not with "amateur critics" or "armchair strategists." Certainly, British war moves are not the concern of American editors, unless they affect the United States.

The thought will not down, however, that an invasion of Nazi-occupied territory will not be attempted until the Yanks start sailing across the Atlantic. We are pledged by the Administration to crush Hitler. We can crush Hitler only by an American Expeditionary Force. Is it for this we are preparing?

JOHN LEWIS' CHALLENGE

IN present bleak weather, it was cheering to note that the vestige of a smile rested upon the countenance of John L. Lewis as he emerged from a conference with Myron C. Taylor concerning re-opening of the "captive" coal mines. Vestige of a smile meant vestige of a compromise, and even that little was much when the steel production of the country, in a moment of emergency, was being held up by anything from ten to twenty per cent.

Congressional irritation over the intransigent attitude of Mr. Lewis reached the temperature of fury. It was the signal for every curb and restriction on labor to be proposed that congressional imaginations conceived: from the mild and reasonable to drastic use of force. Mixed with the indignation was a certain grim satisfaction, on the part of those who have already been critical of the Government's labor policies, that a resounding demonstration was being given of the way certain of these policies are bound to work out in practice.

Two immediate and obvious lessons could be derived from Mr. Lewis' ability in this instance successfully to challenge the mighty steel corporations, the President of the United States and the nation's entire defense program.

The first was the inference, already widely drawn by the press, that the machinery for mediating and settling labor disputes, as set up by the National Labor Relations Board, needs an overhauling from top to bottom; that once and for all the authority of the Government needs to be made clear, as related to all that can be accomplished or fails to be accomplished by voluntary effort. The system has plainly broken down, and if there is to be any alternative to complete national socialization and governmental operation of industry in totalitarian style, rehabilitation should be undertaken at once.

The second inference was that, in the case of Mr. Lewis, we were dealing with a man who had succeeded to an extraordinary degree in combining a quasi-religious enthusiasm for labor with a consuming love of personal power, by which he could, without a qualm, turn all of labor's interests, real or supposed, to his own advantage; that he could rise, and expected to continue rising, to ever greater personal power through the loyalty of his followers but equally well by the opposition of his enemies. As a result, the chilly facts of the requirements of the OPM are disconcertingly confronted with a cosmic mixture of evangelical Pastor Gruffydd and an embryo dictator.

While awaiting what will eventuate on November 15, however, we may occupy ourselves in drawing a third and more far-reaching inference, which touches upon the abnormal character of our industrial society itself. The throes of labor, and of government, industry and consumers in dealing with labor, are, after all, but an indication of how far society has drifted away from any sound and practical perspective.

This abnormality is seen in labor's weakness and in labor's strength. The strength is evident by the

simple fact that labor is the one great organized force of the nation, which has achieved its eminence precisely through the power of organization. But it has been compelled to build up this strength in order to compensate for the total helplessness, the harsh exclusion from industry's counsels and industry's profits which otherwise was destined to be its fate. The tragic result of labor's organization has been, however, that its own power has proved a mighty temptation to groups and persons who have the quest of power at heart.

Capitalistic employers used labor for economic power; governments and their agencies use labor for political power; and individuals use labor for personal and partisan power: all of this in a moment when the nation itself supremely needs the full force of labor as the backbone of defense.

Only when government, labor and industry sit down together in joint council, not as enemies, not as poker players for stakes of power, but as collaborators in a common cause, will this abnormality be healed, and labor's power be placed at the disposal of the workers themselves, cooperating with all for the general good. If the convulsions now caused by the defense situation can pave the way, we shall be more reconciled to Mr. Lewis' dramatics.

COLLABORATION WITH RUSSIA

IN the light of the perplexity which the Russian situation has created in the minds of priests and people in this country, the recent Pastoral Letter on this topic of the Most Rev. John T. McNicholas, O.P., S.T.M., Archbishop of Cincinnati calls for more than ordinary attention.

In the interest of "souls, of truth, and of the unity of our people" the Archbishop offers an "objective interpretation" of the oft-quoted words of our late Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, in his Encyclical on Atheistic Communism.

The meaning of these words, observes Archbishop McNicholas, is made clear by the context of the Pontifical document in the paragraph immediately preceding. The Supreme Pontiff admonished the Faithful that "in their localities" there can be no "cooperation with Communists," not even in apparently perfectly laudable affairs. But the Holy Father was not "laying down a course of action governing our country and all other countries regarding every future circumstance whatsoever, especially in a war of defense."

Pope Pius XI condemned atheistic Communism and its tactics and "did so in language that no one can fail to understand." He gave directions to local Ordinaries that cannot be misunderstood. "But at the same time," the Archbishop observes, "we must not forget that the suffering and persecuted people of Russia, deprived of freedom and put in bondage, have still some rights."

All of us will readily join in the Archbishop's prayer that "God may guide the officials of our country so that they may do what is best for our citizens and for the peace and restoration of a shattered and war-made world."

FROM THE STRONG, SWEETNESS

SWEETNESS is not usually associated with men. The word has become so cheapened by misuse that it has acquired not so much a feminine as an effeminate connotation, and has come to mean a simpering sort of weakness. But sweetness is a quality distilled from humility, which inclines us to look on our associates as our betters, and from charity and justice, which lead us to appreciate the feelings and the wishes, as well as the rights, of others. It is clear, then, that sweetness cannot be attributed to the weak, but is found only in the strong.

With all reverence, then, may we think of the sweetness of the Strong One, the Holy One, Jesus, our Saviour. He who is the first of all children of Adam, because, being man even as we are, He is also God, was humble and meek, and in His Heart are the ever-flowing fountains of justice and love. Hence the Saints have spoken of Him in words which to our cold natures seem irreverent, because too like the language of a lover to the beloved. "Sweet Jesus," "sweetest Jesus," "Jesus, my Dearest," were common phrases with the Saints, especially with Saints who loved Him in English; yet even that fact has not broken down our stiff conventionality. Unlike the little children who embraced Our Lord, we awkward, unmannerly sinners are ashamed to speak of love, even when it is in our hearts.

In the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint Matthew, ix, 18-26) two incidents which show this sweetness of Jesus are recorded. Saint Matthew writes briefly, almost in official language, but Saint Luke, the beloved physician, and Saint Mark add the intimate details. From them we know that the person whom Our Lord raised from the dead was the daughter of Jairus, and that she was only twelve years old. Saint Matthew again tells of the poor woman who came to Jesus to be cured of a hemorrhage, just by touching His garment; but Saint Luke adds that when Jesus called out, "Who touched me?" she was very much frightened, and came forward trembling to confess her loving boldness. Instead of a rebuke, she heard the gentle words, probably spoken with a smile, "Daughter, thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace." He walks on, leaving her full of joy, and enters the home of Jairus. "The girl is asleep, not dead," He assures the mourners, and, taking the child's hand in His own, He cries out *talitha cumi*, "girl, I say to thee, arise." These are the very words, as some of the learned tell us, which a mother would use to call her sleeping child in the morning.

By these miracles, Jesus proves His Divinity, but He also proves Himself considerate, gentle, loving, and, all that we mean by "sweet," in dealing with His children. He did not come to them with blinding majesty, but as One Who understood their sorrows, and wished to help them, with the sweetness of a lover to his beloved. We are indeed His beloved at this moment, for His Heart has not changed. O Jesus, sweetest Jesus, grant that as we look on You and study You, we may learn to love You more dearly every day of our lives.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

PRIESTS IN RECENT LITERATURE

KATHERINE BRÉGY

IN our somewhat detailed and theoretic discussions of the Catholic novel, I sometimes find myself wondering whether we are not in danger of losing perspective, and so of either underestimating or overestimating the work actually being produced by our contemporaries. It seems to me very emphatically, for instance, that few critics have done justice to that sincere and spacious book, *The Keys of the Kingdom*, or have realized its important implications. Some have been troubled by the "layman's theology" which crops up from time to time throughout its pages. Others have been amazed by its wealth of incident, forgetting that the almost superabundant and almost melodramatic adventures are always secondary to the characters upon which they play.

But to me the outstanding significance of Dr. Cronin's achievement is the extraordinary fact that it shows us a novel practically without romantic or sex interest—the story of a priest, of a saint and an awkward saint at that—becoming the secular Book of the Month choice and a national best seller. I do not think the thing could have happened ten or fifteen years ago. Nor could it have happened without our enormous non-Catholic and often non-religious public having been prepared by a gradual familiarity with priests in fiction.

Father Francis Chisholm, with his sincerity and simplicity, his heroism and loving kindness and holy obstinacy, would always be liable to attract readers. Like his namesake of Assisi he would always be popular with everybody except his ecclesiastical superiors: just as his antithesis, Anselm Mealy, the typical "success story" cleric, would be more popular with his ecclesiastical superiors than with anybody else! But Monsignor Sleeth, with his almost cruel lack of imagination, or the pious and proud and intransigent Father Tarrant, or even the aloof but understanding Monsignor MacNabb, could scarcely have been assimilated by an audience who had not already met their Irish brothers in the plays of Paul Vincent Carroll.

The priest, naturally enough, is usually best interpreted by the Catholic writer—that is to say, by somebody who can take his official character for granted. In other hands he tends to become a somewhat unreal symbol of good or of evil. Thackeray's Father Holt is merely a well-bred, secretive

version of the "stock" Jesuit—not impressive to anybody who knows real Jesuits, and not a human being. And while I confess to a certain weakness for Browning's heroic and highly romanesque Canon Caponsacchi, I doubt if he is quite a human being, either. But when the Spanish Sierra presents his *Two Shepherds*, we instinctively love one and detest the other, while recognizing both as credible clerical types; just as both the attractive and the unattractive nuns of his *Cradle Song* or *The Kingdom of God* are credible and human Religious.

Emmet Lavery's *First Legion* was probably the first to prove to American audiences that a play lacking feminine appeal, concerned almost wholly with the problems of a group of priests, could be actually exciting. Most of us have probably wakened up rather suddenly to this emergence of the priest in our fiction: at least, the emergence has been so gradual that it seemed sudden. The sophisticated New York critics who had welcomed all of Eugene O'Neill's experiments in heartbreak and morbidity were not pleased with his miracle play, *Days Without End*. I remember some of them complaining about its closing affirmation—"Life laughs with God's love again"—which to me had seemed the opposite of fatuous. But even the few who were interested in the dual personality of Mr. O'Neill's tortured protagonist paid little attention to his priest uncle. Yet it happened that this priest's sane and sweet humanity, his common and uncommon sense solved all the problems of that highly problematical play.

My own first recognition of the full impact of the priest in the modern theatre came during a visit to Manhattan a few years back, when I saw three of Broadway's most discussed plays—and found a clerical hero in each one of them. The first was the whimsically holy and impractical Father Malachy, whose miracle had such unpredictable results. The second was the fastidious canon of Carroll's *Shadow and Substance*, which has always seemed to me a play incomparably superior to its bitterly anti-clerical successor, *The White Steed*. And the third was, of course, Mr. Eliot's poetic and arresting study of Saint Thomas of Canterbury's temptation and martyrdom, *Murder in the Cathedral*.

It must have been close to the same time that two less convincing priests, of non-Catholic creation, made their debut. One of them was not much more than a kind of ordained police officer, always on the side of Law and Order and Big Business, in young Irwin Shaw's semi-Communist play, *Bury the Dead*. But the other was the esthetic and ascetic Father Anselmo whom Edna Millay brought into her *Conversation at Midnight*. He played the piano beautifully, and although he seemed in rather odd company, he was given all the most idealistic lines in that curious work. It was he who, in the midst of an astonishing sonnet, dared to label the mind content with this world "provincial." It was he who insisted that there is "no peace on earth today save the peace in the heart at home with God." Whether Miss Millay brought a priest into her group of disenchanted and puzzled moderns for dramatic contrast or not, his presence there remains a challenge. It seems to be the poet's way of saying "if you want to know how religion approaches these modern problems, here is the man who can tell you."

Meanwhile the French novelist, George Bernanos, has become almost a specialist in treating the clergy: and to be candid, the clergy he treats need a specialist. Most of them mean tremendously well and one of them is probably a saint, but they are psychopathic cases none the less. And while our Irish American priests have their human failings, these are rarely on the neurotic side. The only treatment of clerical insanity which I happen to recall in recent Irish literature is the family-driven young seminarian of the rarely-performed play, *Maurice Hart*.

But the mysterious byways of psychiatry are never far from Bernanos' sublime and sordid *Diary of a Country Priest*. And in his much-discussed *Star of Satan* they are very close indeed. Diabolism is not an easy subject to treat without morbidity: "that way madness lies" for all but the elect. And while the Abbé Donissan is manifestly of the elect spiritually, his constant apprehensions of Satan and real or imaginary visions of him—joined with that torturing humility which his ecclesiastical superiors warn him is close to despair—suggest a morbid psychology if not derangement. Undoubtedly M. Bernanos intended to paint the portrait of a saint and martyr. But while there is no doubt about the martyrdom, something seems lacking in the sanctity of this "Man of the Cross" who shrinks from his penitents as "horrible children," before whose sullied words and self-deceit he knows himself "defeated in advance."

Another recent novelist who treats the darker sides of clerical life is the English convert, Graham Greene. It is not alone his title of *The Labyrinthine Ways* which harks back to Francis Thompson; like that highly-sensitized poet, the young novelist writes in "words accursed of comfortable men." He traces here the tragedy of an outlawed Mexican priest during the recent persecutions—a man whose name we scarcely know, but whose soul we know in its most intimate torment. He has broken most of the precepts and several of the Commandments;

he is known as a "whisky priest," and believes himself almost certain of damnation. Yet he alone stays to administer the Sacraments to his half-ungrateful people—and for their sake at last he goes to martyrdom before a firing squad.

Personally, I can never forget the pathos of this man's tears when the wine he has saved for a final, surreptitious Mass is consumed by a bibulous petty officer; nor the tragedy of his weary absolutions—when he himself must die unabsolved. But even more terrible is the tragi-comedy of the cowardly Padre José, who has "conformed" and married his tyrannical housekeeper, and has become the butt of the neighborhood children, afraid even to succor the dying or say a prayer for the dead.

Recent fiction has also had several more incidental clerical figures. Charles Morgan brought into *The Voyage* a not very convincing French priest, who spent most of his time watching the consequences of a sin long ago repented and absolved. And Franz Werfel, as if to compensate the disappointed peasant woman of *Embezzled Heaven* for the nephew who—fortunately for himself and others—absconded before Ordination, introduced a priest friend and guide whom one would have liked to know better.

Finally comes the surprising Saroyan, including among his *Beautiful People* a priest whom we not only want to know better but have known in many a "garden variety" of parish. The somewhat impressionistic program lists Father Hogan simply as "a Catholic," and he is all that in the best possible sense. It is clear that he no longer expects too much of human nature, but he retains a tender sympathy for other people's faults and a still rarer belief in other people's dreams and ideals. In short, he is the sort of priest one would be glad to have for a confessor.

Everybody knows the sins and disenchantments of contemporary literature, but we owe it a debt for this interpretation of the Churchman as an individual rather than an official. It is a wholesome thing for the Catholic to recognize this human side of his clergy. And to the non-Catholic it may easily be not only a revelation now but a preparation for personal contacts later on. I do not fancy, for instance, that anybody would be converted to the Faith by reading *The Keys of the Kingdom*: it was not written as a piece of devotion or controversy or apologetics. But I can imagine the mysterious gift of conversion being recognized and welcomed more readily by one who had already known Father Francis Chisholm.

Next week, AMERICA will offer its annual survey of Children's Books. About one hundred books in various categories will be reviewed, and to facilitate your selections for the children, a special section, listing the "Cream of the Crop," will be featured. This yearly service of AMERICA will coincide with the celebration of National Book Week and National Catholic Book Week. Hope you like it. EDITOR.

BOOKS

MONUMENTAL CITY STORY

BALTIMORE ON THE CHESAPEAKE. By Hamilton Owens.
Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$3.50

FOR a book whose "function is to spy out the economic bases of the town, and narrate the activities of those individuals and groups whose energies were given to the fabrication and distribution of goods," *Baltimore on the Chesapeake* is rather sketchy and incomplete for an economic history. However, as a series of episodes picturing the growth of just another tobacco town into the country's second port, it is an interesting and entertaining volume. Most of the book does treat of trade and commerce, while references to the social and political development of the town are few and brief, thus giving a one-sided picture of life in a community whose activities in those latter fields have occasionally been a source of wonder and amusement to other sections of the country.

The author makes no attempt to trace step by step the history, or even the economic development, of the sixty-acre village laid out on the north branch of the Patapsco in 1729. The events leading to the founding of Baltimore Town are fully narrated. The planters of the region wanted a convenient shipping point for their tobacco. The shift to wheat exporting; the opening of trade with the West Indies, privateering and the development of the "Baltimore Clipper" bring the story up to the close of the Revolution. The town's favorable geographical position as the nearest outlet for the then growing West is frequently emphasized. The War of 1812, Fort McHenry, The Star Spangled Banner, and the part played by the famous Clipper ships are interestingly treated.

The events of the next half century also provide several romantic episodes, such as the efforts of the merchant princes to shift to banking and industry; the pioneering efforts of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad with their effect on the economic development of the country; the disrupting effects of the Civil War and Baltimore's struggle to regain her essential Southern trade.

The period from 1870 onward is rather hurriedly passed over with the excuse that Baltimore's efforts to adjust herself to the rapid industrial development of the country, while requiring no less determination, vigor and imagination on the part of her business leaders, lack the glamor and romantic appeal of earlier days.

Few of the town's prominent and picturesque figures or historical worthies outside of the merchant class appear in these pages. A passing bow is paid to Charles Carroll, Joshua Barney, Rembrandt Peale and a few other notables, but the impression remains that the Peabodys, Pratts and Hopkinses are the only group who ever contributed to the fame of Baltimore.

F. J. GALLAGHER

NO SPIRITUALS SUNG

MR. GEORGE'S JOINT. By Elizabeth Lee Wheaton.

E. P. Dutton and Co. \$2.50

MR. GEORGE is a Negro; his last name is Hall. The opening scene of the story sees him being dismissed by the judge on the lying testimony of his wife, Annie, who defiantly proclaims that George has never struck her once in all their eight years of married life. Nevertheless, the judge ordered him to get out of town (Galveston) that day. So George abandons his "jinte" there and sets out for Texas City to settle in with Lilac, Annie's mother, until such time as he can open another

joint. The book tells how he succeeded—and we watch the comings and the goings and the doings, in and around the new joint until the circle revolves once more. George is again thrown into jail for beating Annie. Once again Annie (this time from the hospital) refuses to prosecute or to give testimony against him; once again he is discharged by the judge and warned to get out of town before sundown. As the story closes, he is on a bus to Houston with a dollar and forty cents, which is a dollar and fifteen cents more than he had when he arrived. "So Ah sho made a profit." He plans to eat on his own family this time, until he gets another job and saves enough money to start another joint. Then he will send for Annie.

This novel is the 1941 winner of the Thomas Jefferson Southern award offered for "the best book manuscript by a southern author." It does not propose a thesis nor does it attempt to psycho-analyze—it merely paints a picture—and that picture is gloomy, disheartening, thought engendering. There is little of traditional music and song and humor in the book or in the lives of these people. Theirs is rather a life of drudgery, sordidness, disease and sin.

Somehow, it happens that even what might be considered objectively as funny does not cause any inclination to mirth; rather the whole book begets a deep and thoughtful sorrow that any of those created in the image of God should be condemned to live out their lives in such environment. Only a self-righteous Pharisee would censure the people of the story, but it would not take a Daniel to pass judgment on a civilization which is responsible for it or which supinely tolerates its continuance.

The story is made up almost entirely of the conversation of the various characters and the author seems to have been painstakingly careful to reproduce their dialect in authentic, idiomatic form, with the result that the average person will find it somewhat difficult and laborious reading.

ARTHUR J. SHEEHAN

LET'S OCCUPY EUROPE

TWO-WAY PASSAGE. By Louis Adamic. Harper and Bros. \$2.50

WHEN Louis Adamic summons new-stock Americans to take pride in the lands of their respective origins, he sounds an authentic note. Mr. Adamic is himself a Slovenian by birth (I must make amends for having referred to him in our pages recently as a Croatian), but he has the rare faculty of getting the point of view of other immigrant groups as well as his own. He is convinced his own experience and that of countless others in similar circumstances gives a clue to what our country can do to help Europe in the present troubles.

"We are living," he says, "in the midst of a gigantic revolution and . . . this revolution must be our revolution or Hitler's revolution." And "we must do something big, unique, something that will set off our own imagination and Europe's, something that will click with Germany. . . . We Americans are on the verge of a great historic function."

This function, then, is for the children of the New World to carry back to the Old World their experience here as a remedy for a state of things which has been in no small measure America's own creation, rightly or wrongly. When the United States closed its doors to immigration, a blight came over the peoples abroad. No longer could Europe be kept healthy by the "siphoning off" of its restless millions. "Something had gone

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by

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wrong with their dream. America could not take them
and they must stay at home."

The successive waves of immigration, in Mr. Adamic's
view, "contain a great promise for the future which,
if we do not work for it, will turn into a great danger,
especially now in connection with the new world war."
He would have them carry back to their several "old
countries"—in the persons of their outstanding Ameri-
can descendants—the message of our democracy, our
ability to live and work together and sink national,
local and racial differences in a common cause and so
release the forces for freedom abroad. He believes
this opportunity lies most of all with German Ameri-
cans.

It is an impressive, even if rather vague proposal;
appeals to the imagination, and is delivered as the
climax to lively pictures of present-day reactions to
the European war among the different national groups
in the United States. He has a word for folk of every
"origin" except, for some unexplained reason, those of
French origin. Mr. Adamic shows his wisdom in see-
ing that many a supposed racial or national "problem"
is simply one of our common humanity. He admits ideas
behind his proposal are still "fluid"; it is a question
whether they will not remain fluid and refuse to jell,
for the evils he attacks have roots in contemporary
social and religious disorders with which he makes little
pretense of grappling. He has, however, opened up a
new and pertinent perspective; he says and will keep
on saying certain things that badly need utterance at
the present time. I wish we could bring a few million
of the present Europeans over and handle them here
at home.

JOHN LAFARGE

THE NEW HOPE. By Joseph C. Lincoln and Freeman
Lincoln. Coward-McCann, Inc. \$2.50

LITTLE of the sea is in this story by Joseph C. Lin-
coln and his son, Freeman, save that the scene is laid
on Cape Cod and a boat is being outfitted to sail. The
inhabitants of Trumet are land-locked by the British
Blockade. (The year is 1814.) Business is at a stand-
still, and the town is ripe for the daring proposal of two
strangers, Isaiah Dole and his strapping young protege,
Jonathan Bangs, to convert an idle merchant vessel into
a privateer. Town meetings discuss the prospect, and
the success of the venture depends upon the smuggling
of powder to the ship right under the noses of the
watchful British.

Despite the secret to which all are sworn, the plans
are betrayed to the enemy. The finger of suspicion is
pointed at Jonathan Bangs, who is the first officer of
the boat under Dole as Captain. Bangs, in turn, is con-
vinced that the traitor is the girl whom he has met in
Trumet, and come to love, Hope Allen. What follows
is an exciting tale of romance, adventure and mystery.

The authors in their preface are in pains to insist
that *The New Hope* is not an historical novel; they de-
scribe faithfully and accurately, though, conditions as
they existed in 1814 on the Cape. Evidently, the Lin-
colns are wary of Cape Codders, who will read their
book. They know men of the sea do not like to see land-
marks or channel buoys changed, even in a novel, by
men who have made the Cape famous in story.

ROBERT A. HEWITT

JAMES MADISON, THE VIRGINIA REVOLUTIONIST. By
Irving Brant. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$4.50

IT is difficult to appraise but half of a book, and that
is what Mr. Brant gives us in this exceedingly interest-
ing study of the early career of James Madison. In
1780, the year to which Mr. Brant carries us, Madison
was but twenty-nine years of age. Had he then passed
from the scene, he would have been remembered as an
unusually gifted young man, better with the pen and
with the influence of private conversation, as was his
fellow-Virginian, Jefferson, than as an orator, who had
helped to pave the way for the American Revolution.
At Princeton, he had imbibed "much Greek and more
Latin," but philosophy and studies on the nature of civil

government attracted him more powerfully than the classics.

Madison was by nature a politician (taking the word in its original sense) and he developed mightily under Witherspoon, who used Montesquieu's *Spirit of Laws*, as the basis of his lectures on social and political organization. Vattel, Burlamaqui and John Locke also claimed his attention, and far into the night he would lead discussions with his fellow-students, until the ardent debaters heard "the Scotch burr of President Witherspoon sounding through the halls: 'To bed, lads, to bed.'" The years which followed Princeton were among the most stirring in our history, and during them Madison was acquiring the knowledge and the practical wisdom which fitted him, a young man of thirty-six, for leadership in the Constitutional Convention. In probably the most pertinent chapter of this unfinished study, Mr. Brant attacks with vigor, but not, it seems to me, with complete success, Van Tyne's theories of the powers of Congress under the Confederation.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

IN DEFENSE OF MOTHERS. By Leo Kanner, M.D. Dodd, Mead and Co. \$2

THE sub-title of this book: "How to bring up children in spite of the more zealous psychologists," gives the key to the understanding of its purpose. "Our generation has become possessed of a weird type of pessimistic future-mindedness." This attitude of sensing disaster in a mere shadow is transferred to the education of children, and parents, as a result, feel incompetent, without professional advice, to bring up their children properly. Whatever its source, this state of mind has been fostered by what Dr. Kanner calls the over-zealous psychologists. And so the humorous yet telling jibes directed at pediatricists and psychologists are aimed at that fringe of the profession.

In the first few chapters, Kanner provides a mirror for these anxious parents, in which they can see and judge themselves in the light of common sense. The section on feeding schedules and child behavior problems should be liberating to many a fear-ridden mother and father. Some parents will doubtless blush with shame, when they read in the chapter on lying how they have been contributory to the untruthful habits of their children. And all parents will read with gratefulness and profit the method of imparting sex information. In a few short chapters, Kanner deftly explodes some Freudian myths about complexes and the great "god Unconscious."

The concluding chapter beautifully portrays the ideal mother and at the end blesses her in the words of Proverbs, chapter thirteen. The encomium is, however, regrettably incomplete, as he omits her chiefest title to praise: "favour is deceitful and beauty is vain; the woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." (v.30). The book would be a very fine gift to young mothers.

H. J. BIHLER, S.J.

MUSIC WITH A FEATHER DUSTER. By Elizabeth Mitchell. Little, Brown and Co. \$2.75

THE autobiography of the musical life of one of the most talented and devoted members of the New York Philharmonic's Governing Board is one of the most refreshing and delightful surprises of the year-of-books. When Mrs. Mitchell, (then still Elizabeth Rend, Class of '01), graduated from Georgetown Visitation Convent, she received the music award for her ability to "swish the ivories with a feather-duster touch." A year later, Rudolf Ganz was telling her bluntly that she was suffering from musical diabetes. Shaken but undaunted, she set to work to learn all over again; only to have her friend, pianiste Yolanda Méro, tell her fifteen years later that, although she had real talent, her playing was "absolutely rotten."

Hard as that rebuff was to take, Mrs. Mitchell once again began at the beginning, and this time learned how to work. She became, by dint of sheer hard work fitted into a life already complicated with children and



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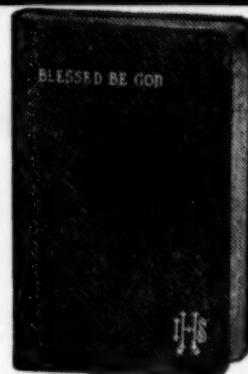
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social obligations, an accomplished musician, an amateur with professional style and skill. Mrs. Mitchell knows, from sad experience, and roundly condemns incompetent teaching, musical snobbery, conductor worship. Her book emerges as a sane, witty, enthusiastic introduction to music that anyone and everyone can understand.

We are going to recommend the book as required reading to mothers who plan a musical education for their offspring. On second thought, all parents should read it. It is fun even if you are not a parent nor particularly enthusiastic about music. R. F. GRADY

LONG WEEK END. By Harlow Estes. Dodd, Mead and Co. \$2.50

LIVEY, a flamboyant, warm-hearted young woman, visits the family of the man she hopes to marry. She finds that his divorced sister-in-law is secretly in love with him; that his sister is married to her former lover who, once the brilliant medical student whom Livey had loved passionately, is now the shell of a dull businessman.

The material in this book is rich enough for a serious, psychological novel. And had a novelist like Edith Wharton, who frequently used this type of situation, written the book, she would have given full import to the grave irony and used it to illustrate the law of cause and effect, when an action returns, years after, for retribution and often exacts payment from innocent victims. But this author has wasted her substance, not because she sees life in such trivial terms that she fails to catch its significance, but rather because she is an inexperienced novelist.

The fact that she chooses such a situation, even if she skims rather than penetrates it, suggests that her growth as a novelist will enable her to probe more deeply and turn out significant fiction. The material is there, but it lacks development. MARY TOOMEY

STRANGERS IN THE VLY. By Edmund Gilligan. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2

REFRESHINGLY different is this latest novel of the Catskill Mountain region. More surprising than the story itself is that it has been written in our own day. The author has cast aside all the trappings of the modern novel to give us one of the strangest tales I have ever read, and he does it beautifully.

The story is laid in the Rip Van Winkle country of many years ago. Three strangers come to the little village called The Vly, mysterious strangers, but men who have seen many places and who have known great persons. One's first impression of them is far from favorable. Though their stay is very brief, their influence is felt in the village for a long time. But that's the story, and I should not tell it here.

Mr. Gilligan has the gift of story-telling and a superb style. The descriptions are particularly well done. The whole story is delightful, but unfortunately the author has inserted two little passages that were really not needed and that somewhat mar an otherwise very wholesome novel. HUGH F. SMITH

ON TROUBLESOME CREEK. By James Still. The Viking Press. \$2.50

A REAL down-to-earth story of the Kentucky backwoods people who live off and love the earth. The story is as simple as the living of their lives. The mother in herself is wholly lovable as well as admirable, and has common sense a-plenty. This quality dominates the book. Father cannot understand why a person making good money in the mines is not allowed to spend it as soon as he receives it. The children are wisely trained by their parents in the simple and honest ways of life, fashioned after their forefathers. About the whole process there is a certain aimless charm, which makes the book easy, interesting and occasionally thrilling reading. If you like a story that is gay without being silly, sympathetic without being sentimental, read and enjoy this one. JOHN S. FLAHERTY

THEATRE

CANDLE IN THE WIND. With the possible exception of Mr. Coward's *Blythe Spirit*, which has not yet reached the New York stage as I write, Maxwell Anderson's *Candle in the Wind*, with Helen Hayes as its star, has been the most eagerly awaited new play of this young season. A drama on world conditions of today, written by the man many regard as America's present leading dramatist, with its heroine interpreted by a fine actress to whom many playgoers give the first feminine place on our present stage, and produced by the Theatre Guild and the Playwright's Company, its success was almost assured before it reached us.

There is still every chance that it will have the degree of success which is implied by months of life on the New York stage. Miss Hayes is one of the few actresses of today who can carry almost with triumph a play which would show up its weaknesses too vividly under other interpretation. No intelligent spectator will deny that Mr. Anderson's play has definite weaknesses.

Miss Hayes does all she could do with the leading role, which means that she does more than almost any other actress could do with it. She has her "moments" in *Candle in the Wind*—moments which no theatre lover should miss, moments which audiences will not soon forget. A few of those moments were given her by Mr. Anderson. The rest she lit herself, by the sheer flame of her artistic spirit. But there are also long intervals in the play which are uninspired and repetitious; and not even Helen Hayes can convince an audience that these moments are worthy of Mr. Anderson or of her.

We see the American heroine of the play, Madeline Guest, a distinguished actress, (Miss Hayes of course) briefly meeting her lover in the garden of Versailles. We see her a year later, interviewing his jailer, at considerable length and without perceptible drama (except some unconvincing sounds of off-stage torturing) in a concentration camp near Paris, where he is a prisoner. We see her in her heavily curtained rooms in a Paris hotel, discussing her troubles with her maid and with her American friend, Maisie Tompkins, a role beautifully played by Evelyn Varden.

We see another brief scene in the concentration camp in which, for a few moments, she is permitted to see but not to approach her imprisoned lover. We see her trying to bribe his jailers, only to have them take her money and betray her trust. We see the scene, quite short, in which she meets her lover after his escape, and gives him the last of her money to get to America. And we see the final scene, far, far too long, in which she and his jailer, John Wengraf, who plays his role admirably, intimately discuss his escape and its consequences in the presence of several prison guards—which, incidentally, Mr. Anderson, they would never do!

Before this, in the beginning of the last act, we have had the one really big scene of the play. In this a young prison official, played to perfection by Tony Selwart, agrees to assist her lover's escape and, unlike his associates, keeps his bargain. There is real drama in that scene, for his own life will be the price of the life he saves for her.

One of Mr. Anderson's best and truest lines ends the play. I can only quote it from memory, but the thought expressed is one that cheers us all. "In the history of the world," the American girl tells the German jailer, "there have been many wars between men and beasts. The beasts have always lost, and men have always won."

Marvelous acting right here, and plenty of it. But too much reflective writing and not enough dramatic action is probably the correct summing-up of *Candle in the Wind*. Don't miss it, however, or the big moments it offers you.

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FILMS

THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER. Bernard Shaw's play, *Arms and the Man*, sank to its proper level as an Oscar Straus libretto years ago, and now the march of movie progress has eliminated the skeletal Shaw entirely in favor of the less controversial Molnar. Satire on war heroics and strictures on patriotism are hardly appropriate in these "all-out" times, but it was evidently decided that a musical version of *The Guardsman* could offend no one, unless it were the censor, and some concessions are made, possibly to avoid war on two fronts. This is a chastened but still winking Molnar, relating how an operetta star impersonates an overpowering Russian to test his wife's love. It is made abundantly clear that the wife is not deceived, but enters into the game with comic zest. The story is amusing in itself and deftly directed, and the excellent score ranges from the original Straus melodies to selections from Moussorgsky, Saint-Saens and Wagner. Rise Stevens, of the Metropolitan Opera, makes a brilliant debut as singer and comedienne, and Nelson Eddy, freed from the necessity of exuding romance, revels in a broad caricature. This is a delightful production for adult audiences. (MGM)

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY. Richard Llewellyn's novel of the Welsh mining country has been filmed with distinction, and presents an authentic picture of social change without any of the alienating bitterness of the documentary style which it suggests. It is a tribute to John Ford's realization of mood and character that the picture is engrossing despite a dark background and a consistently serious action. The story is narrated from the point of view of the youngest of a family living off the mines, and not infrequently dying in them. Courage and dignity are maintained even as economic pressure breaks up the family, scattering the sons and leaving a daughter to a loveless marriage. The potent appeal of the film lies in its mood of resignation, of spiritual resourcefulness which cannot be choked by material misfortune. A splendid cast, including the dependable Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara, Donald Crisp, Roddy McDowall, Anna Lee, John Loder, Barry Fitzgerald and others, helps make this an exceptional picture for adults. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

APPOINTMENT FOR LOVE. By the regularity with which jealousy repairs marital rifts on the screen, it may be suspected that movie marriages are based on mutual distrust, and this marginal comedy adds its unoriginal weight to that cynical conclusion. The slight plot is stretched too far not to be drawn too thin, but it has the usual graces of a handsome production to recommend it to the casual entertainment-seeker. The usual successful playwright marries the usual successful woman doctor and shows commendable surprise when she insists upon living her own professional life. William Selter's direction is fairly fresh, and, to give the film its due, it has some sense of delicacy and restraint. Charles Boyer and Margaret Sullivan give a good show of virtuosity, aided by Rita Johnson, Ruth Terry and Reginald Denny in a sophisticated trifle for adults. (Universal)

THE BIRTH OF THE BLUES. This is an informal history of the origins of popular dance music which will be enjoyed or not according to personal definitions of music. A Southern lad of good family grows up to organize the first white band playing the rhythms of the levee, and succeeds in making America jazz-conscious. Bing Crosby carries the major burden in a lackadaisical film directed, with stress on the score, by Victor Schertzinger. Mary Martin, Brian Donlevy and Carolyn Lee are prominent in an ambling comedy for the family. (Paramount)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

MUSIC

THE New Opera Company, under the patronage of Mrs. Lytle Hull, initiated a six-weeks' season and gave its first performance, *Così Fan Tutte*, on October 14 at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre.

For this presentation of Mozart's opera-bouffe, commemorating the 150th anniversary of the composer's death, the management engaged Fritz Busch, a musician and conductor of international reputation. As the opera progressed it was plain to see that the evening's real performer was standing on the conductor's podium in the person of Dr. Busch. He conducted fifty young players from the Alumni of the National Orchestral Association and it proved to be orchestral playing that could be compared to a fine jewel. Time will not dim our memory of these young American boys and girls playing Mozart, Tschalkovsky and Verdi with a masterly precision.

The opera was faithfully given in its original Italian form, the libretto having been written by Lorenzo Da Ponte. Why a good English translation of *Così Fan Tutte* was not procured and why American singers in their own country are not allowed to sing opera in English still remains a mystery and may be the reason for many vacant theatre seats. It has been well said that an idealistic venture like the New Opera Company would succeed if the performances were given in our native tongue.

A new name, Andzia Kuzak, in the soubrette role of Despina, the maid, remains to date the "real find" of this opera season. She was originally trained as a ballerina, which may account for her complete understanding of pantomime and for a graceful expressiveness that gave the role of Despina exactly what it demanded. Her singing voice, of a light lyric texture, is not an unusual one but she uses it with intelligence.

In the publicity of the New Opera Company it was said that the members of the casts would not be over thirty years of age, but in many cases this was not so. Ina Souez, who was given the leading soprano part of Flordiligi because she had had a long experience in this role in Glynbourne, England, where Fritz Busch had made *Così Fan Tutte* a legend, was known in America only through her Victor recordings. She proved the real disappointment of the evening. There was no comparison in her stodgy acting to the light spontaneity given by the other members of the cast who had not had her experience in the style of Mozart. Miss Souez possesses a vocal quality of three distinct voices or registers. She forces her low voice far beyond its capacity and the middle and top are forced out of their natural color. Her faulty singing of the recitatives was caused by a husky break between the low and middle registers.

The mezzo-soprano Martha Lipton made a handsome appearance as Dorabella, Flordiligi's sister. She learned the role in four weeks and gave it dramatic depth and some good singing. Dorabella was originally assigned to Pauline Pierce, who sang it on the opening night.

Neither Waldemar Schroeder as Guglielmo nor Robert Marshall as Ferrando did notable singing as the two conniving swains, but their acting was commendable and at all times humorous. Perry Askam as Don Alfonso, the old Philosopher, usually dominated his scenes.

The colorful stage settings were of the period with all of their whimsy and there was a special curtain before which the principals periodically appeared to sing solo numbers. The costumes were tastefully designed by Marco Montedoro.

Yes, this was opera conducted in the spirit of Mozart by a European conductor, a European stage director and rehearsal directors, but it had one American aspect—it gave American singers a much needed opportunity.

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CORRESPONDENCE

NEWSWEEK SCHOLASTICISM

EDITOR: A comment in *AMERICA* for September 27 rebukes *Newsweek* for a sentence in its story on the Fordham University centenary, and I write to explain.

First, the phrase "Roman Catholicism's Scholastic philosophy." Believe me, I did not intend to imply that Scholasticism is a system of religious thought. Rather, I used the term to make clear that Fordham boys learn not simply philosophy, but a system which is, as the Comment points out, approved by the Church.

"Distinctions and contradistinctions" was, I see now, an ill-chosen phrase—one of those, laboriously written, which sound flip when read quickly. Certainly I have no reason to regard Scholasticism lightly. As it was taught to me at Fordham, it was no easy matter.

New York, N. Y.

ROBERT G. WHALEN
Religion Editor, *Newsweek*

PROBLEM

EDITOR: In the past few editions of *AMERICA* in your Correspondence column, there have been several personal views on why more girls do not enter religion. Maybe it would not be out of place if I, a student in a Catholic high school, gave my opinion on this subject.

I think the reason lies in the fact there is very little said about religious life, and far too much said about matrimony, especially in the first and second years of high school. These are the years when we are really serious in choosing our state in life. Why then isn't the religious life explained more thoroughly? After all, if one knows so little about such a life, it is easy to understand why it is crossed from the list when we make our final decision.

Washington, D. C.

DECIDING

SOLUTION

EDITOR: Anent lack of vocations among girls to the Religious life: let us strive first to produce "superior mothers" and the "Mother Superiors" will surely follow.

Oak Creek, Wis.

PASTOR

COLLEGE FREEDOM

EDITOR: Like the correspondent whose letter appeared in this column (*AMERICA*, October 4), I, too, am privileged to attend a small Catholic college; unlike her, I have had a very different experience in my one year of college life. Though the truth of her statements is not to be called into question, we who are aware that there are many Catholic colleges conducted on a broad-minded and liberal Catholic basis consider it unfair to publicize and make stronger the already widely-accepted misconception that Catholic colleges are run on narrow-minded, rigid principles.

I cannot believe that our college is the exception in the freedom it allows the students; yet, no more rigid rules are enforced therein than those laid down by good parents in homes worthy of the name, especially as regards late hours. While late permissions (and I don't mean nine-thirty) are usually restricted to the week-end, allowance is always made for special events occurring during the week. If a student desires to smoke, she may avail herself of the students' smoking room on the campus; if she wishes to save her "nylons," there is nothing to prevent her wearing bobbie socks after class hours; if she has a prom date, she leaves with her escort and arrives back with him. And further, to foster social

relations between Catholic boys and girls, a series of dances is held during the year right on the campus. In other words, we are given every opportunity to combine our principles and ideals with a thoroughly good time.

And are these things, after all, so superficial as your correspondent would have one believe? A Catholic life is a full life, and no part of it should be outside the pale of Catholic culture.

Los Angeles, Calif.

CATHERINE PEARSON

EDITOR: In the October 4 issue of *AMERICA* appeared a vehement protest against the narrow, binding rules inflicted upon the students in Catholic colleges. The author of the article made a sweeping statement, declaring that Catholic colleges (supposedly all of them) disapprove of the little things that are "dear, almost necessary to the modern girl." Perhaps she was speaking of the majority of Catholic schools. I do not know. But I do know one where we combine cultural and practical learning with the comfort of small every-day indulgences, such as wearing socks (a preventative measure against runs!) and applying cosmetics with an unrestricted hand (it is assumed that a college girl will control her use of artificial beauty without official warning).

A few years ago a "smoker" was installed by request, a room to which the girls may go at any time. Smoking, while not encouraged, is not forbidden, a sensible solution between two extremes.

For all special occasions, late permission is granted, and our freedom on week-ends is pleasurably adequate. Dance nights are eagerly anticipated, and the scene is the gymnasium with a bit of wax applied to the sturdy floor. In the rotunda of our college the Blessed Mother is always waiting for us to come in, and eager to know after the dance whether we had fun. Of course, we always have.

We know we are lucky, and, though we would love our college even if we had to wear buttoned shoes, still, life and learning flow smoothly with a minimum of laws.

An attentive research regarding this question would undoubtedly prove that our college does not stand alone in the observance of sensible rules, but that there are a number of colleges which practice the same principles.

New Hampshire

STUDENT

SHAKY STANDARDS

EDITOR: In one of Monsignor Sheen's lectures, I heard him say that many people who hate Hitler so bitterly love the despotism he stands for. He used that expression to show how difficult it is for moderns to condemn a thing that is evil, no matter where they find it. Their inability to judge things by the eternal standards of what is right and wrong causes them to make this mistake.

I had that clearly exemplified recently. I was discussing the totalitarian way of life with a gentleman who was college-bred. We agreed that Hitler had a way of cutting through the externals and swiftly getting to the heart of a problem and getting it done at once. We talked about the position of youth in Germany. My friend said that right here in this country we should have a law to compel young people to follow the walk in life that they showed special adaptation for. I remonstrated with him that such a law would embody the height of regimentation and a complete loss of freedom of will. However, my talk fell on ears deafened by materialism and he went away unconvinced. And that gentle-

man belonged to a race that has suffered terrible persecution in the Third Reich.

Glens Falls, N. Y.

RAYMOND O'BRIEN

NATIONALISM

EDITOR: While Americans are besieged with cries of "bundles for Britain," "all-out aid," "lend-lease," and "National Defense," one cannot lose sight of what may be a forth-coming reality: National Defense may be the starting point of our nationalism. Already one's life must be subordinated to National Defense. While we should be patriotic, we cannot commit the same errors that have brought about nationalism in Europe.

Regardless of how Christian Americans may profess to be, if we have a dictatorship here Catholicism will suffer much more than it has in Europe. During this century Catholics have suffered in countries supposedly Catholic; what will happen in this country? We cannot Hitlerize America to save America from Hitler, but we may Stalinize America to save this country from Hitler. Only one who has actually seen religious persecution and revolution in the Soviet can realize fully that the free way of life *must* not be destroyed here.

New York, N. Y.

JAMES HOSNA

BROTHERS NEEDED

EDITOR: The letter on *Vocations* (AMERICA, October 25) bemoans the fact that there are so many desirable girls in our Catholic schools who would make fine members of our Sisterhoods. To my knowledge most of our Communities of Sisters are doing very well in the matter of members for their respective institutes, while our Communities of Teaching Brothers are hampered from undertaking the work that they would like to for the simple reason that there are not enough of these good Catholic boys, who are also in our schools, answering the call to these Communities.

Nearly all of the Brotherhoods in America feel that they could use twice the number that yearly come to their Novitiates. Perhaps, then, it would be well to encourage vocations among our male youth so that the high standard of Catholic education set by the male teaching religious will be maintained. We all admit that Brothers are a necessity for our boys. They have undertaken the work of educating these young men in the elementary, secondary and college fields and have been most successful.

Boys need men for teachers. There may be a question of this need in the elementary schools, but surely there is no question whatever in the high school and college. There is a sad lack of sufficient numbers of Catholic secondary and college educational institutions. If there were more Brothers to man those we have, the Communities would undertake new institutions.

The work done by our Teaching Brothers must go on especially in these times. Our men of tomorrow must be skilled and well trained in all branches so that they will take their places in the world and maintain the Spirit of Christ, which seems to have been forgotten. Democracy will not be saved by war and bloodshed, but it can and must be saved by education of the whole man, both his body and soul. That is the Catholic aim of education. Truly this is Christian. Truly this is patriotic.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

BROTHER PACIFICUS, O.S.F.

ORCHIDS

EDITOR: While we look forward to articles from frequent contributors, we are much interested in those of your first contributors.

The article *As of Yore Keep Homefires Burning* (AMERICA, November 1) painted a word picture of "a sanctuary of peace and a nursery of virtue," while husband and father is "face to face with the hardships at camp."

The author had a most timely message.

Brookline, Mass.

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EVENTS

(Bill and Louie, taxi men, are sitting in Bill's cab. Bill speaks to a young lady who is walking by). . . .

Bill: How does the injunction work?

Young Lady: All right, so far. It looks as though he's scared of the judge.

Louie: (after young lady has walked on): What have we here?

Bill: Last month, I'm working in the daytime, and I drive that dame down to court. She tells me: "My husband wants a divorce and says he'll jump under a train if I don't give him one. So I'm going to ask the judge for an injunction that'll order my husband not to jump under a train."

Louie: Does she get the injunction?

Bill: She gets the injunction.

Louie: You mean the guy won't jump under a train now?

Bill: You hear what she says. The guy ain't jumped.

Louie: Sounds screwy to me. The guy ain't afraid of the Big Judge and he's scared of some little judge.

Bill: You're forgetting an old saying, Louie. Truth is stranger than fiction. If this was fiction, the guy'd jump. But it's truth, and stranger than fiction, so he's more scared of the judge than he is of the train.

Louie: You mean truth has more screwball stuff than fiction.

Bill: That's what I mean.

Louie: Then why do novel writers write fiction?

Bill: Because if they write truth, nobody'd believe 'em. Truth is too strange. Fiction ain't so strange.

Louie: It don't add up.

Bill: Fiction is what people oughta be, an' truth is what they are. An' they're stranger than they oughta be, an' that's why truth is stranger than fiction.

Louie: Maybe you got something hot there, Bill.

Bill: Sure, I got something hot. If you wanta see the strangest stuff where do you go? You don't go to novels. You go to newspapers.

Louie: My wife borrows novels to read.

Bill: An' why? Because she finds truth too strange. She wants to get away from it. They call it escaping.

Louie: I often wondered why people is willing to pay three dollars for a novel when they can get a newspaper for three cents. Maybe, what you say is the reason.

Bill: Sure it's the reason. People is willing to pay high to get something that ain't so strange as truth. Most people don't like truth, Louie. I ain't looked at this newspaper yet, but I'll bet I'll find lots of stuff that's stranger than fiction.

Louie: Go ahead.

Bill (scanning paper): Here's two sisters in Illinois. They ain't spoke to each other for years. They're out drivin' an' their automobiles ram into each other. An' after the collision they begin speaking an' they're still speaking although it's two days now since the smash. . . . Here's a football empire fires a gun to end the game and shoots himself in the hand. . . . Here's a California judge what rules a bicycle is an animal.

Louie: That's stranger than fiction.

Bill: An' here's men on strike in Pennsylvania saying they're sort of unwilling to be on strike because the Bible says not to strike. An' they quote this from the Bible: "Timothy, 1-3. A bishop then must be without reproach . . . temperate, soberminded, orderly . . . no striker." . . . An' these birds say the Bible also tells 'em not to fight, an' if they don't go on strike they'll have to fight the pickets. So they becomes strikers but not fighters. . . . Now if there was stuff like that in fiction books, nobody'd believe it.

Louie: There goes that injunction dame with a man.

Bill: That's her hubby.

THE PARADER